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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor
Associate Editors
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DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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EVEN POLITICS MAY BE AMUSING. The agony of the Republican Party in New York City, for instance. It is an open secret that the local Republican chieftains—the Hon. Sam Koenig in Manhattan and the Hon. Jake Livingston in Brooklyn, in particular—find it easy to work with Tammany Hall. They get out the Republican vote in national elections and do not bother about city issues. Tammany obligingly provides an adequate number of jobs for the local Republicans, and all is harmonious. It was generally understood that Jesting Jimmie Walker would be reelected this autumn without a serious contest. Enter, however, Fiorello H. La Guardia, wrapped in a long Republican cloak. Mr. La Guardia was in 1924 a supporter of La Follette for President, has on occasion solicited and obtained the Socialist nomination for Congress, and has been sent to Washington both as Socialist and as Republican. He is a wringing Wet, which is popular in New York, has successfully straddled the five-cent subway issue, and has a capacity, unmatched by any local Republican, for getting sympathetic headlines on the first pages of the newspapers. Mr. La Guardia announced that he wanted to be mayor. Party chieftains who knew that he played with the Western Progressives in Washington hooted at the thought. But the politicians soon discovered that he had a rank-and-file following in every district. They tried to stop him by suggesting various estimable nonentities, all of whom declined to be thrust under the Tammany steam roller. The only opposition candidate who had any show was Mrs. Ruth B. Pratt, and the regular politicians would almost prefer a Socialist to a woman. In the end they had to accept Mr. La Guardia. So the party of the seven-cent fare and the power companies, the staunchest group of reactionaries anywhere short of Pennsylvania, will be found nominally cheering for a near-Socialist. It will be entertaining to see whether the Republican machine gives Mr. La Guardia any better support for mayor than the disgruntled Tammany gave Al Smith for President.

IT TOOK THE ARREST of several prominent social leaders, including the daughter of former Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, to arouse the people of Philadelphia to the knowledge that freedom of speech in the cradle of liberty is a dead letter. When the Workers' International Relief called a meeting in Philadelphia on the night of July 26 an audience gathered at the Grand Fraternity Hall to discuss the Gastonia trial and to raise funds for the sixteen prisoners charged with murder in the Southern strike-center. The meeting had not been in progress more than thirty minutes when a corps of policemen with four patrol wagons appeared and arrested the entire gathering of some fifty persons, carting them unceremoniously to the police station, where they were lodged in cells for the night. They were discharged without penalty in the morning, but we hope that they will not let the matter rest there and that they will sue the police for damages. It is time that some one called a halt to the frequent raids upon meetings by police in Philadelphia and in western Pennsylvania. After the police had refused to grant a permit for the meeting on July 26 and had insisted that a permit was necessary, it was discovered that no such formality was legally required and Superintendent of Police Mills admitted that the arrests were "a mistake." If the presence of some of the city's socially elite had not advertised the action of the police, "the mistake" would never have been rectified.

AT LAST A DENT in the high-tariff armor! The Hawley bill, as passed by the House, imposed duties on logs, lumber, and shingles, so as to aid the farmer, we suppose, by making it more expensive for him to get such wood products as might come across the Canadian border. The Senate Committee on Finance on July 30 decided to put them back on the free list. It is not much, but in these hot days we are grateful for small things, particularly for any evidence that the dissatisfaction of the farmers and the rest of us is producing any effect in the framing of tariff schedules. If free lumber should result in cheaper coffins, we should be especially glad, as we are strongly in favor of more and less expensive funerals. We stand ready to furnish the Senate committee with a long list of ultimate consumers of coffins—first-class prospects whom it would be

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highly desirable to develop as fast as possible into actual consumers, and we urge upon our lawmakers the advantage, from this point of view, of having wood as cheap as possible. The information about the wood schedule the public owes to Senator Couzens, who says, sensibly enough, that as news of the action of the committee in some way apparently leaks from its members to their constituents, he does not propose to be bound by the rule of secrecy under which it is supposed to operate.

THE "MILLION DOLLAR LOBBY" of the utilities companies came in for some attention a year ago. It filled the columns of the newspapers with stories of the virtues of the power companies, taught school children the evils of public operation, filled the ears of Senators with subtle wisdom. But it was, after all, amateurish, compared with the recent triumphs of the power companies' publicity boys. The high point in promotion work for 1929—which should certainly win a Harvard advertising prize—was the feat of persuading the Post Office to get out a special two-cent stamp advertising Mr. Edison's electric light. But a close runner-up has been the publicity given, free of charge, to the advertising stunt of bringing bright boys from forty-eight States to Mr. Edison's New Jersey laboratory. Every day for a week these lads—aided by the forethought of the publicity man in arranging for the simultaneous presence of Messrs. Edison, Eastman, Ford, and Lindbergh—made the front pages. Every day the thought was subtly instilled into impressionable young minds that the electric-light companies yearned to help bright boys and to achieve more inventions, all for the benefit of the dear old Ultimate Consumer. Mr. Edison's name happens to be attached to sundry companies which send out electric-light bills in New York and other cities; and that was all that was needed. Credit for this super-advertising, we understand, belongs to Mr. Edward L. Bernays, "counsel on public relations." If Mr. Ivy L. Lee is to maintain his reputation, he will have to do some tall thinking.

CUPIDITY, NOT STUPIDITY, was the chief cause of the foundering last November of the Lamport and Holt steamship Vestris with the loss of 112 lives, in the judgment of the court of inquiry of the British Board of Trade. This is directly contrary to the facts revealed by the newspaper accounts and the official investigations in this country, where officers and lawyers of the company frightened the crew into silence, leaving the public with the impression that the disaster was due mainly to failure and fatuousness on the part of the ship's company. But the British inquiry brought out the previously concealed fact that the Vestris was dangerously overloaded, and the verdict of the investigators emphasizes above all that on this account the ship was "not fit" for the passage from New York to Buenos Aires. Sanderson and Company, the New York agents of the line, are held chiefly to blame, therefore, for the disaster, while a lesser amount of censure—too little, it seems to us—is visited upon the general manager of the company in London, who knew that the vessel had been overloaded before but took no steps to stop the practice. The crew of the Vestris is practically cleared of blame with the exception of Captain Carey, who is said to have been six hours late in sending his S O S call. But some of the sting is taken out of this criticism by the condemnation as "highly undesirable" of the company's general orders telling a captain that he "must carefully consider the actual amount of peril there may be for the lives under his charge and then judge whether he will be justified or not in fighting his way unaided to the nearest port," success in which will be "a matter of high recommendation as a master." As we have pointed out before, peculiar laxity was possible in the official inspection and control of the Vestris because although a British ship she did not sail from a British port, and while she cleared from an American port she did not fly our flag. Perhaps Congress may so calk our inspection laws as to stop up this hole, but beyond all legislation is the more insistent need of greater integrity and responsibility in the seats of steamship management.

"I LOVE PROTESTANTS but I hate the Buddhists," shouted a Roman Catholic bishop as he was introduced to a Buddhist priest—his fellow guest at a luncheon. "If he is a guest here I will leave. I refuse to eat at the same table——" Thereupon an Anglican dean stepped to the bishop's side and said that he too hated Buddhists and apostates. The two outraged Christians started for the door, when the Buddhist spoke. "Do not go, please," said he. "You are of greater importance at this meeting than I am. I am the one who will leave." The foregoing incident took place on July 9, 1929, A. D., as reported in the *Hawaii Hochi,* in the lobby of a hotel in Honolulu, at a luncheon arranged by the Rev. Henry P. Judd of the Hawaiian Board of Missions. The Catholic bishop was Stephen Alencastre, head of his church in the Paradise of the Pacific. The Anglican was Dean Ault, head of his church in the same islands of the blessed. The Buddhist priest, whose church, by the way, has the largest membership of any religious group in Hawaii, was the Rev. Ernest Hunt. After the offending Buddhist had departed, the meeting settled down to the business in hand—"discussing certain community problems involving the education of the youth along moral, ethical, and cultural lines from a non-sectarian standpoint." Let students of comparative religions try that on their ukuleles. Its title is "Pineapplesauce."

WISELY THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS to the third session of the Institute of Pacific Relations—meeting at Kyoto, Japan, in October—have decided to carry out their plan to travel eastward via Moscow and the Trans-Siberian railroad. They may meet difficulties before they reach Harbin, though it seems likely that the crisis will have simmered down before they reach even Moscow; but they will surely gain a perspective which the institute needs. For earnest as were the Honolulu meetings, a note of unreality crept in whenever they faced the problem of the Pacific as a whole. Britain, America, and Japan are the three great Powers of the Pacific today; but Russia, America, and China are almost certain to be the three great Powers tomorrow, and discussion of Pacific problems without Russia is "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Professor Nasu, one of the Japanese delegates for the coming conference, suggested the other day that had Russia been represented at previous sessions the Manchurian crisis might never have arisen. Certainly the meetings of minds between British and Chinese, and between Americans and Japanese, have been impressive and not with-

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out tangible results. The ostrich-like refusal to face the importance of Russia will surely be dissipated when the American delegation—which counts John D. Rockefeller, 3d, and Frederick Vanderbilt Field among its secretaries—emerges from its tour of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association, one of the American party, left America with the hope of obtaining a delegation in Russia to attend the forthcoming meeting. If that is not possible this year, it surely must become the most important task in organizing the fourth conference.

AN AWKWARD PAUSE occurred in the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia for recognition of the Soviet Government when Valerian Dovgalevsky, Russian Ambassador to France, chatted a while with the British Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson, in London and then packed up his week-end bag and went back to Paris. The British Labor Government announced that before it recognized the Soviet Government it would demand "guarantees" (whatever that may mean) from Moscow that there should be no Soviet propaganda in the British Empire against the existing forms of government, and that assurances should be given of the payment of Russian debts. The Russian Government, on the other hand, wanted recognition first and discussion of differences afterward. The real issue involved in the diplomatic jockeying is Communist propaganda in Great Britain; the debts do not matter so much because the Soviet Government has given polite though rather meaningless assurances about debts in the past. What Premier MacDonald fears now, in view of the furore created in 1924 by the Zinoviev letter, is that his own Government may be overthrown if he recognizes Russia again and there are subsequent revelations of revolutionary propaganda coming from Russian official sources in London.

BY PRESIDENTIAL DECREE the National University of Mexico has become a private corporation, as a result of a two months' strike of the student body and sympathetic allies in other schools. The strikers, declaring that students and teachers must have an equal voice in all matters pertaining to curriculum, administration, and academic activities, demanded that the university be separated from the National Secretariat of Education and be reorganized and reorientated. They took the position that political factors had had too much weight in university affairs and intellectual not enough; that they were taught haphazardly and in many cases by teachers out of sympathy with their needs, or ignorant of them. The decree which ended the strike accedes to the students' demands. The university will be administered henceforth by a council made up of the rector, the secretary, and the treasurer; a delegate from the National Secretariat of Education; two professorial delegates elected by their colleagues in each of the schools; two students, a man and a woman, representing corresponding school bodies; a delegate from each alumni association; and two representatives of the Students' Federation. Delegates will hold office for two years. The council will supervise the curriculum and all academic activities, authorize expenditures, appoint and remove officials and teachers, and confer degrees. This victory by no means signifies that Mexican students are dangerous creatures who must be placated, for their attitude is much like that of the government itself. The university's divorce from the government may come to mean, therefore, closer cooperation with its aims.

AS THE WORLD WAGS America is a newly-settled country, and it lacks the ingrained, historically-based differences in speech which exist in some of the older lands. In spite of the greater size of the United States, there is no such variation of language from New York Bay to the Golden Gate, from the Lake of the Woods to Lake Pontchartrain, as there is in the United Kingdom from Norfolk to Connaught, from the Scilly Islands to the Shetlands. Yet our dialects and individualities are quaint and precious. And passing. The newspaper and the railroad have for years been bringing us nearer to a common pronunciation and vocabulary, while recently such progress has been greatly hastened by the phonograph and the radio. So it is well that the American Council of Learned Societies is planning to make a record of our dialects by a scientific system of phonetic spelling. One of our great foundations, we understand, is already making phonograph records of speech in the United States, and for the average person this kind of preservation will be the most interesting and understandable. Besides there is a certain happy revenge in making the phonograph and the radio preserve and give back to us the Americana which they are so rapidly destroying.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN, who died in Palo Alto on August 3, has had a far-reaching influence on American thinking. He taught at Chicago, Leland Stanford, and Missouri universities, and since 1918 at the New School for Social Research in New York City, exercising a profound influence on successive generations of students. But he was known to a far wider audience through his books and other writings. The ideas and the phrases of "The Theory of the Leisure Class," which appeared thirty years ago, have already become coin of the intellectual realm, and the very school boy of today knows about the canons of conspicuous consumption and the other whimsical realities of that delightful classic. Professor Veblen's mordant wit, his extraordinary gift of phrase-making, and his uncanny power of discovering wholly new meanings in old facts gave to his writings an appeal wider than their purely scientific interest, and have already extended his influence far beyond the ranks of the technical economists. But within that fraternity probably no man, unless it be the late Simon N. Patten, had done more to shake thinking out of its old ruts, and to open the way for new truths to be received into the accepted body of theory. Professor Veblen's fruitful distinction between the pecuniary and the industrial functions of the business man is one of the basic ideas of contemporary economic analysis, and his emphasis on "use and wont" is perhaps the very source of that whole stream of thought known as institutional economics. It must always be a matter of regret that the movement vigorously pushed by his friends a few years ago to have him elected president of the American Economic Association, the highest honor within the gift of economists, should have been blocked by the regulars in that organization. If Veblen today looks down from some Olympian height, it is doubtless to smile at the grip of the vested interests on the minds of some of those who devote themselves to the impartial study of the working of those interests.

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The War on Crime

THE recent riots in the New York State prisons at Dannemora and Auburn and the Federal prison at Leavenworth have again stirred a languid public interest, which in a few days will doubtless die down, in the question of the treatment of criminals. In all the long and melancholy history of human stupidity and folly there is no more depressing chapter than that which records the dealings of society with its delinquent classes. It is not clear that we have made any substantial progress from the days of Draco in dealing effectively with crime.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether there exists, even today, any adequate and clear-cut body of theory on the basis of which it is reasonable to look for a satisfactory working out of the problem. The whole question of crime and the criminal is intimately bound up with our basic institutions of property and the present state resting on force. Few men, therefore, are willing to face the implications of any real plan for improving the lot of our criminal population. You cannot reform the criminal without reforming society. Few persons are willing to reform society, and those who are, unless they be harmless and ineffective intellectuals, are likely of course to get clapped into jail themselves for their efforts.

In the wake of the war, which did so much to set back thought and practice in almost every field of human endeavor except that of material accomplishment, we have witnessed a backward swing of public opinion in respect to the treatment of criminals. The world became accustomed again to violence, bestiality, and sanctified hate and cruelty. With the new habituation to violence, and the added facilities offered by the automobile, there came a marked increase in certain crimes of violence. Acting in the unthinking fashion all too common in such cases, our law makers struck back. We have had a veritable plague of laws based on the idea of making penalties so severe as to put the fear of God into the hearts of law-breakers and thus restrain them from crime. Two examples at once occur to everyone: the Jones Law, which is undoubtedly going to help make it impossible to convict violators of the Volstead Act, and the notorious Baumes laws of New York, which as their crowning glory provide life imprisonment for persons convicted of four felonies. These laws are only examples of a whole crop of legislative measures which seek to repress crime by threatening law-breakers with unconscionable penalties. The Jones Law has been widely and justly condemned, but it has been criticized far more often because its critics did not want prohibition enforced than because of the false theory underlying it. The Baumes laws and their like, repudiated though they have been by practically all competent students, have yet not so much as been threatened with repeal or modification. Almost the country over, we have gaily and unthinkingly rushed into a war on crime.

At Dannemora and Auburn and Leavenworth we are simply reaping what we have sown. From each of these prisons and from others throughout the country come essentially the same reports, of desperate men subjected to rigid discipline in over-crowded quarters under conditions offering no hope here or hereafter. Any incident starts a revolt. Where shall it end? A Special Committee on Penal and Reformatory Institutions of the federal House of Representatives last January found that Atlanta, with a normal capacity of 1,712 prisoners, was actually housing 3,107, while Leavenworth, with a capacity not greatly different from Atlanta, had 3,700 inmates, more than twice the number for whom it was intended. The committee declares that "due to the lack of a proper program *and to the tremendous increase* (italics ours) in the number of persons arrested, convicted, and committed for violations of federal penal laws, the penitentiaries are overcrowded with those sentenced to prison for more than one year." New York shows the same condition, which could be duplicated in many other States, and the House committee calls attention to the overcrowding and idleness in the 1,100 local jails in which short-term federal prisoners are confined. The prison keepers of the country sleep on their riot guns, and with good reason.

Another extremely dangerous element is injected into the situation by the growth of the bootlegging industry. In our war on crime we make it all but impossible for the ex-convict to get and keep an honest job. But the organized sellers of illegal liquor offer him a job at good money, and protection, so far as possible, in case he is caught. This combination means, plainly enough, an increase of crime and a demand for more repression.

The time has come, then—and happily these prison outbreaks have led public authorities to call attention to the necessity—for a new public attitude concerning crime. We do not refer simply to the necessity for a modification and repeal of savage laws, important as that is at the proper time. We do mean that we have got to get rid of the notion of retaliation on the criminal and even of the notion of punishment in the ordinary sense. Society must protect itself of course, but in so doing it has no right to destroy the bodies and souls of those against whom it must protect itself, and that is just what we always have done, what we are doing, and what we shall continue to do so long as we act on our present theory of punishment as essentially a deterrent. We are advocating no softness with criminals, but we are advocating the enlightened as well as humane prison policy which regards the ends of punishment as solely the protection of society and the reform, if possible, of the offender. As stated in the beginning, we cannot go far without fundamental social and economic reforms for which we must doubtless wait a long while, but we can make a beginning, as certain enlightened penologists have already shown. The indeterminate sentence, the parole system, the juvenile court, the payment of prisoners, the scientific examination and treatment of individual offenders, and other reform measures may put some element of hope for future normal life into the existence of those unfortunate beings who for one reason and another, mostly connected with poverty, lack of training, or mental defect, have come within the clutches of the law. It is to measures such as these, and not to the multiplication of savage laws, that we must look. Intelligence and humanity are still our only hope. We shall never lessen crime by making war on it.

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The Sweltering Sex

IN spite of the publicity recently given to pajamas as summer street dress for men, we have no stalwart hope of the arrival of such a fashion in the near future. Granting the intrinsic excellence of such garments—and there may be reservations on that point—there is no probability of so drastic a change all at once. The world may move, but it's all-fired deliberate about it, and the fact that pajamas as a day costume may be reasonable will not hasten their adoption—perhaps the contrary—in the queer civilization of make-believe in which we live. So we think that the manufacturers of men's suits need not be thrown into despair, nor should the producers of pajamas increase their plants too greatly in the hope of booming business.

But merely to *talk* about dress reform is some relief for sweltering males in hot weather, and if they don't get pajamas they may win some less dramatic but equally valuable concession—say the right to go without their coats with the same freedom with which a woman lays aside her jacket. What sane summer dress for men in the United States ought to be we would not be so rash as to advance in one brief article. Even the single item of belt versus suspenders will cause an argument hotter than an eruption of Vesuvius and longer than the moral law. For although the supporters of galluses—or shall we say those supported by galluses?—are now few in number, their passion exceeds that of a fundamentalist parson for a good old-fashioned rip-roaring hell. But everybody is agreed that men wear too many and too heavy clothes in summer. The Life Extension Institute weighed the street clothing of a dozen men and that of an equal number of women in New York City last June. The clothing of the women, who varied from a modern girl of eighteen to an "old-fashioned" woman of sixty-one, averaged two pounds, ten ounces, while that of the men was eight pounds, six ounces.

In England a number of prominent men, including Dean Inge, have organized the Men's Dress Reform Party, and there are embryo associations of a similar sort here at home. The English society may accomplish something; Englishmen are like that. But our confidence in the success of similar organizations in America is tepid. We doubt the success of any serious campaign organized by earnest disciples —especially if supported editorially by *The Nation*. Even the phrase "dress reform" is likely to be disastrous. Better clothing for women has come not as a crusade but as a fad. In the Victorian Age women were dressed more uncomfortably and absurdly—no, it doesn't sound possible, does it?—than men. There were always brave souls campaigning for "dress reform." And they got nowhere. It wasn't until the women of our day began to want to express their increased freedom in new fashions that better clothing arrived. The cult of women's sports, the crumbling of old moralities, the mere desire to "step out" all had some part. When it became possible to speak of a woman's legs it became possible also to display them. The leaders of the new era in clothing were not women educators or physicians. They were pretty movie actresses and smart "society matrons." And the flappers did their bit. Neither health nor economy was a slogan. In fact abbreviated dress was at first denounced as provocative of various diseases, and it has proved notoriously expensive. The rule in women's clothes is the fewer, the higher. All of which is saying that our hope for lighter summer clothing for the Sweltering Sex rests less in the reformers than in the college boys—who have already done a lot, without intending or knowing it.

In fact men have made a prodigious advance in the way both of saner and better-looking clothing in this century. It seems slight only by comparison with the greater progress of women. Men have largely discarded long-sleeved, long-legged underwear both in summer and in winter; the once obligatory starched shirt and collar have collapsed before the soft varieties; high shoes have given place to low; and stiff derbies have yielded to soft hats or none at all. Even in torrid weather a man may be pretty comfortable as it is without offending too much the accepted etiquette. He may dress in Palm Beach or other light, washable fabrics, yet more than half the men one meets fail to do so, preferring apparently to broil in wool and complain of the heat. Even the most punctilious men may now take off their coats in their offices, their homes, and in most of their friends' houses. When the weather is hot enough they may walk around the streets without coats, though they still get a dirty look or a request to mend their habits when they enter a restaurant of any pretensions in that mode. Thanks to the college boy, too, a man may go hatless the year around without exciting a single stare. In fact the only reason for wearing a hat nowadays is to be able to take it off when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

Official Lying

AN unfortunate practice of the Department of State has been brought to light by a recent incident in connection with Canadian tariff protests. On July 13, when newspaper reports of such protests were called to the attention of Secretary Stimson, he said:

> I wish to deny unequivocally that any such statement was made by the Canadian Minister or any representative of the Canadian Government to me or to any representative of this Government. There has been absolutely no such protest or threat or any mention of such a subject that I know of, and I think I would know of it if it had been made.

According to a dispatch appearing in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of July 14, over the signature of its careful and well-informed correspondent, Paul Y. Anderson:

> While Secretary of State Stimson today was issuing an "unequivocal" denial that any protests or threats of retaliation had been received from Canada concerning the proposed increase in the tariff on imports from Canada further information concerning the protest was obtained from a thoroughly reliable source. It was ascertained that the Canadian Minister, Vincent Massey, not only had intimated to the State Department that a British tariff on American wheat might be the result of the Hawley-Smoot rates, but that the State Department also had been informed that enactment of the Hawley-Smoot rates probably would produce the downfall of the Liberal Government in Canada and the establishment of a Conservative Administration pledged to a more militant policy toward the United States.

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The startling contrast between Secretary Stimson's statement and the known facts was subsequently explained by Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, who disclosed that conversations between the representatives of foreign governments and officers of the State Department are officially considered as never having taken place unless they are recorded in writing.

It is not only legitimate but desirable for Mr. Massey to tell Mr. Stimson in an informal, unofficial way what he knows or thinks about the probable effects of our proposed tariff rates in Canada—or in Timbuctoo for that matter. In these days of hourly cable and wireless communication between governments, we should suppose, indeed, that just such informal contacts constitute one of the chief values of expensive systems of government representation abroad. Of Mr. Massey's informal communication Mr. Stimson may then legitimately pass on as much or as little as seems wise.

If the Secretary of State, however, relying on a technical practice of the department, gives a statement to the press, intended for the common man, denying unequivocally that any protest has been received, the Secretary knows, and everybody knows, that the common man will understand him to mean that no protest has been received—not that no protest has been received in writing—and the common man will be deceived. Most of us will call to mind a number of disagreeable instances before where department statements were absolutely at variance with known facts, and we should be happy if the department would point out in what particular Mr. Anderson's statement in this case is incorrect. If the department finds it necessary to observe the rule stated (and there are evident grounds for defending such a rule), then, in the light of its extra-official as well as official information, it carries an extraordinary responsibility for being an absolutely honest guide to everyday public opinion. The Department of State has no more important duty than to supply the public with an adequate body of fact to serve as a basis for sound and correct opinion.

Justice in Gastonia

JUSTICE conquered prejudice in the first round of the conflict at Gastonia, North Carolina, when Judge M. V. Barnhill granted a change of venue to the sixteen strikers and strike leaders charged with the murder of Chief of Police Aderholt. We salute Judge Barnhill for his courage and fairness in a critical situation.

In his charge to the grand jury and in his whole conduct of the trial preliminaries this tall, kindly-faced, and informal-mannered jurist, who is the youngest judge on the circuit bench of his State, impressed observers with his independence and common-sense. No prisoner, said Judge Barnhill in addressing the grand jury, should receive "either more or less than is just on account of his race, color, or condition in life, or on account of his convictions upon social, economic, industrial, political, or religious matters. These matters have no place in a criminal trial, and should not and will not be permitted to becloud the one issue we are to try."

Fair words these, but the nature of the indictment against the Gastonia prisoners is such that a discussion of their social philosophy cannot be avoided. Not one of the sixteen defendants was indicted for firing the shot that killed Chief Aderholt; no one seems to have any information on that subject. The prisoners have been indicted for what their leaders have said and for what their organization has stood for. The official charge is conspiracy to commit murder, and apart from the charge that the Communist policy in conducting the strike was deliberately directed against law and order the prosecution has no case. Against the strike chief, Fred E. Beal, who was indicted for first-degree murder, the prosecution's entire case consists of a few quotations from speeches at strikers' mass meetings in which Beal allegedly used phrases about blood and battle. Since conspiracy is so sweeping and vague a charge, it seems almost certain that the prosecution must be allowed to admit a great deal of general evidence to show that the Communist tactics in the strike deliberately led to violence.

The critical point in the trial may come when the defense tries to present the other side of the picture—the raid of masked men upon the strike headquarters, the assaults upon strike pickets, the threats of lynching, the appeals to violence in the local press. Will the conspiracy of the mill owners and the citizen-gangsters to do violence to the Communist union be described for the jury? If not, the trial will be a farce, for it is only in the light of this conspiracy that the policy of the strikers can be understood.

The transfer of the case to the neighboring city of Charlotte, to be tried in the week beginning August 26, does not end the danger of an unfair verdict. Any North Carolina jury, particularly in the Piedmont belt, is to be feared by Northern labor organizers whether they bear the Communist label or not. In 1921 the South's greatest textile strike centered in Charlotte, and the countryside was aflame with prejudice against the Northern leaders of the American Federation of Labor. In the Gastonia strike the Charlotte papers have been second only to the Gastonia daily in vituperative attacks upon the defendants. Added to their other handicaps the prisoners, as we pointed out in the issue of July 31, will face a jury composed entirely of owners of real property whose interests are far removed from those of the workers of the isolated mill villages.

Unfortunately, too, the Gastonia defendants have some theatrical-minded friends, who are somewhat more zealous than wise, and insist upon dramatizing the case as the prologue to world revolution. The International Labor Defense, the Communist organization which is so vigorously defending its comrades in Gastonia, demanded a change of venue and then, when the change had been granted, issued a statement saying: "The false show of fairness of repeated hypocrisies about no economic or political beliefs of the strikers being admitted in the court room must be met by mass action of the workers." Mass action? That is not a phrase to toy with lightly in a hostile community when comrades are threatened with the electric chair. To many North Carolinians it may suggest barricades, red flags waving over crazed foreign faces, and American women being butchered by squint-eyed Red villains such as Hearst and *Liberty* love to depict. We hope that the Communists will prune their appeals of all phrases that may be interpreted as threats. Events of the last two weeks have proved that North Carolina justice is not dead and that North Carolina public opinion is susceptible to rational persuasion.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

JAMES CANNON, the bullish bishop, has been devoting a good deal of his attention lately to the ethics of active participation in Hoover prosperity through the medium of Wall Street. After considerable study the good Bishop reports, "I became convinced that there was very much latent hypocrisy in the attitude of very many persons on this subject." What a pity it is that Bishop Cannon has not had the leisure to devote an equal amount of clear and hard thinking to the subject of prohibition.

Though many will agree with the comforting conclusion reached by the devoted dry leader in regard to Wall Street trading he has a fight on his hands in the matter of some generalizations into which he then proceeds. The Bishop has been accused by enemies, all paid hirelings of the whisky trust, of the sin of gambling. Logically enough he insists that before the charge can be tried there must be a precise definition of the offense. Nobody abhors gambling more than Bishop Cannon. But what is gambling? Frankly enough he admits that it is hard to draw the line. As a veteran dealer in building lots, timber, and stumps, he is naturally loath to confess that these pleasant pursuits are iniquitous. "Gambling," he confesses, "is difficult to define wholly and completely. The throwing of dice, shooting of craps, the purchase of lottery tickets are all clearly gambling; for there is no element of skill or intelligence involved, nothing but pure chance."

In other words, the Bishop is maintaining that he was entitled to take a flier in stocks because he brought to this pursuit a superior skill and intelligence. "The purchase of stocks," he continues, "may be made entirely on the gambling basis or upon the knowledge of the value of the stock and a study of business conditions."

It seems to me that the Bishop is trying to say that it is sinful to play a bad tip and virtuous to follow a good one. But in the light of this philosophy Bishop Cannon should admit some strange bedfellows to his couch. The late Arnold Rothstein was just as eager as the Methodist leader to eliminate the evil factor of chance from his transactions. Before Mr. Rothstein bet upon a horse race he had been in close contact with both jockeys as well as the horses. He studied the situation as thoroughly as Bishop Cannon studied the Lehigh Valley Railroad when he bought his shares on generous margin. As a matter of fact I will maintain that the Rothstein risks were even less than those shouldered by the Bishop in embarking on the Kable monthly payment plan.

Some few partisans may contend that the Bishop hardly lived up to his own stipulations for a moral stock-market trader. While nobody denies that he made exhaustive researches into the corporations which he favored with his support, he did neglect the small matter of investigating his broker. This seems to me an unjust argument. Though the Bishop did lose the funds which he tried to augment for the glory of righteousness he scored a moral victory. The stocks upon his list went up. Only the broker declined.

It is a pity that Mr. Rothstein's untimely death stands in the way of a debate between these two students of the laws of chance. I think that any seasoned gambler would sincerely dispute the good Bishop's statement that the shooting of craps is sheer gambling without any element of skill whatsoever. If Mr. Cannon feels that according to the law of averages he would have an even chance in a dice contest I can find ever so many willing to accommodate him. Indeed, many a man has gone into such a transaction with an assurance of success far beyond that which strengthened the moral fiber of the Methodist playboy when he first took his famous shot in Wall Street. It is true that mathematically speaking no player should have an advantage over any other provided the dice are reasonably honest. But by now I trust that Bishop Cannon has had sufficient experience to know that mathematics do not prevail even in Wall Street where he made his businesslike investments. Some stocks sell for twenty times their earnings while others languish even though they may be priced at less than ten times the amount of the corporation's yearly income.

In support of his position Bishop Cannon calls upon John Wesley. "I have tried," he says, "to make money in order that it might be an instrument for service. I fully agree with John Wesley's sermon on money: 'Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.'" It would have been decidedly interesting if Bishop Cannon had supplemented this with a list of the stocks of which John Wesley was long.

The Bishop is not enunciating a wholly new theory in regard to gambling. Members of the fraternity of those who live by their wits will agree with much of what he says. Indeed, the Bishop's philosophy on the subject of chance was brilliantly expounded in the last act of a melodrama called "Checkers" which was popular some twenty years ago. The hero of the play was also a disciple of chance but his racket was the track and not the stock market. The somewhat prissy heroine made him swear off these activities and in reward for his promise of renunciation gave him her love and a silver dollar as a souvenir of her devotion. But in spite of promises the urge remained in his blood. Bishop Cannon will understand. After making a close study of a horse called Remorse the hero decided that he was confronted with an excellent business opportunity. Because of a temporary lack of capital he was obliged to invest the silver dollar. The last scene found him standing humbly before the girl and confessing that he had staked the love token on a horse race. "How could you?" she exclaimed. "How could you lose that silver dollar which was a symbol of our love?"

"But," replied the hero, "I didn't lose. I won and the odds on Remorse were a hundred to one." Whereupon the girl threw herself into his arms and said, "Of course, you did it all for my sake."

The analogy is not quite accurate because the Bishop serves a sacred and not a profane love. But the Cannon's law holds good in either instance. I think it may be accurately and briskly summed up in the sentence, "The only sinner is the sucker." Accordingly I urge upon Bishop Cannon that for the glory of God he let the utilities alone and buy himself instead one share of General American Tank Car.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Where Are We Flying?

By GEORGE BRITT

A QUICK turning of newspaper files from July 13 to 31, covering the 420 hours during which the two pilots of the St. Louis Robin were setting the latest airplane endurance record, reveals that during the same hours nineteen persons in the United States were killed in airplane accidents. The same papers also noted the fatal crash of two marine flyers in Nicaragua, and the deaths of six aviators in foreign countries, including Major Idzikowski, the Polish transatlantic pilot. The examination of the press was by no means exhaustive. Among aviation items was also an account of a celebration by an air-mail pilot of his one-millionth mile in the air without serious mishap.

On both the business and the human side, this death record is a constant nightmare to the new half-billion-dollar industry of American flying; yet in view of the tremendous progress of aviation since Lindbergh's flight, it has become almost a commonplace. Flying has, in fact, become a great deal safer. Especially in the established transport lines does the mortality rate appear practically negligible. The Western Air Express celebrated its first anniversary in May with the announcement that it had carried more than 3,000 passengers between Los Angeles and San Francisco without a single accident. But transatlantic flying, stunting and carelessness in the air still are extremely hazardous. Even the majestic Zeppelin is not without its roll of the dead.

The green beginner who has just completed his fifteen hours of dual and ten hours of solo flying and has received his private pilot's license is one of the major worries to the owners of aviation systems. They realize how likely he is to fall, and falls do not sell business.

The Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics is conducting at present a safe-airplane contest in which it has obtained entries from sixteen manufacturers. The first prize will be $100,000, to be awarded within two months. The beginnings of a network of weather reporting stations along the air routes have been put into effect officially in California. The Department of Commerce is enlarging its functions of licensing and inspection, and is forcing stricter requirements upon manufacturers. At present the department is also beginning its authorized inspection and rating of flying schools, with a view to weeding out the unfit. All these moves are part of a vast campaign for safety.

Figures on safety and accidents have been kept in only the loosest fashion. There was no reporting at all on the subject until the passage of the Air Commerce Act, which became law in May, 1926. Your statistical juggler will demonstrate that flying is safer than riding on the railroad. The 1928 record shows 65,658,936 miles flown and 368 lives lost, an average of about 178,400 miles per fatality. At the same time, the railroads traveled a total of 1,122,997,000 miles and reported 6,500 persons killed, an average of about 172,768 miles per fatality. Of course, more than two-thirds of the railroad deaths were of trespassers, yardmen, and persons struck at grade crossings. But the real catch is in the fact that a train-mile represents hundreds of passenger-miles; an airplane mile probably not more than two or three. Figures actually reported but probably incomplete show 79 persons killed in air accidents in 1926, 164 in 1927, and 368 in 1928.

The increased number of persons flying is indicated by the Department of Commerce figures on licensed pilots. At the close of 1927, the first full year of government licensing, 1,572 licenses had been issued; during 1928, 4,940. On June 30 of this year, there were 7,881 licensed pilots, and permits for training had been issued since January at the rate of more than 1,500 a month. The number of fatalities went up, of course, but fortunately, more slowly than the number of pilots. There was one death for each 9.5 pilots flying two years ago; one for each 13.4 last year.

Turning now to the air transportation lines, one finds last year an aggregate of 52,934 persons carried 10,472,024 miles with only 22 fatalities, against 12,000 passengers, 5,000,000 miles, and 6 fatalities in 1927.

Insurance policies are among the best indications that careful flying is reasonably safe. Although flying is forbidden in the ordinary-rate policy, it may be permitted with full protection by the payment of an additional rate. The minimum extra charge is $5 per $1,000 of policy, and the maximum is $25 extra in the case of an accepted air-mail pilot.

The rate of coverage for crashes amounts to from nine per cent to 20 per cent of the value of the plane. The policy is issued for a specific plane, to fly over a certain territory with a designated pilot, and a record is kept on that pilot. One company announces lower rates for pilots than for taxicab drivers in liability and other classifications. Its statement is:

> The total cost of those coverages on a $3,000 aircraft of good type, plying for hire in the Middle West and driven by a pilot of normal qualifications, might amount to as much as $1,410 for one year, the exact amount depending partly, of course, upon the amounts of indemnity; whereas the cost of those coverages on an automobile of the same value, used for similar purposes in New York and operated by a man or firm of satisfactory status, would not exceed about $1,668.

Insurance companies now are competing hotly for airplane policies, and rates have been reduced by 40 per cent since 1922.

Accidents, which menace the prestige and earning power of the industry, cannot be prevented by law. Learning to handle the controls after a fashion is simple. The most famous example of reckless amateurism was given by Charles A. Levine, the transatlantic passenger. He never had flown solo until he decided suddenly to go from Paris to London, two years ago. He went up alone, without charts, crossed the channel, and bounced down for a landing which terrorized the experts.

Anyone may attempt a similar feat in his own plane. A plane, equipped with a 23-horsepower motorcycle engine and guaranteed to fly, may be bought new for as little as $675 from a Chicago mail order house. Or the buyer may

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go up to $7,000 and make a selection from thirty-two different models. Or he may go shopping for a Keystone Patrician at $100,000, and smash it if he desires.

To fly across State boundaries, however, one must have a private pilot's license from the Department of Commerce. To take up a passenger for hire, one must have an additional 50 hours' experience in the air. For a transport pilot, the highest rating, the requirement is a further minimum of 200 hours. Some of the States have adopted these same regulations for intrastate flying.

The careless or irresponsible flyer, however, is not a novelty. In the romantic and more dangerous age of flying before Lingbergh there was the barnstorming gipsy flyer. The government after the war was left with some 30,000 of the Curtiss JN models, "Jennies," which cost as much as $22,000 each. Thousands were sold for as little as $300.

The boys out of a job who had flown during the war now bought Jennies and went adventuring. They astonished farmers at county fairs and took up passengers for as much as the traffic would bear. They went in for sky writing, crop dusting, mosquito oiling, movie daredeviling, photography and mapping, and the transporting of whosoever chanced to be in a hurry. Accidents were frequent. Conservative business men were cold toward flying. Then Lindbergh set the country air-minded overnight.

Before all the medals were pinned on, however, aviation ceased to be a game for heroes and became a prize for modern Jay Goulds and Jim Hills to fight over. Hundreds of companies sprang up. Investors began to realize that here was a coming development in which the backers might see their stocks progress as in the case of radio. Out of this activity, the gods of the air having been on the side of those with the most powerful banking connections, a trio of giants has just now emerged and set to work in railroad fashion, going after business.

These predimonant factors in aviation today are the United Aircraft and Transport Corporation, financed by the National City Bank of New York; the Aviation Corporation, with W. Averill Harriman and Robert Lehman of the Lehman Brothers banking house; and the recently consolidated Curtiss-Wright Corporation, combining the aviation companies of C. M. Keys, himself a broker and banker, with those of Richard F. Hoyt, of Hayden, Stone & Co. One subsidiary of the Aviation Corporation is allied with the Mellon interests.

Along with these giant groups are many powerful independent companies. Henry Ford is an extensive manufacturer. General Motors owns 40 per cent of Fokker, Ford's principal competitor. The smaller companies are legion.

The business of an aviation system today includes all the steps of manufacturing, marketing, and exporting planes, operating mail and passenger lines, maintaining air taxi service subject to call anywhere, and the operation of flying schools. Manufacturers see a prospect of persons of moderate income buying planes as they do automobiles. One wealthy young man in New York now maintains five ships in his own hangar for his personal use at a flying field.

The family bread winner in aviation is the air-mail contract. For example, consider the Boston to New York line. The rate is $3 a pound, paid every day on a constantly increasing bulk. The passenger rate on the other hand is $34.85 one way, $64.70 round trip, $277 for a commutation ticket of ten rides. One hundred pounds of mail on one trip earns more than 150 pounds of passenger on ten trips; furthermore, the mail travels every day, carries no baggage, asks no questions, and demands no cabin steward.

As an addition to the mail contract, however, passenger and express business may bring in clear profit. Passenger service is likely to remain in the luxury price-schedule for a considerable time—until planes and operating costs are lowered. But even now one may fly from Chicago to the Pacific Coast in less than twenty-four hours for $200, only about twice the train and Pullman rate. One may fly from Chicago to Detroit for $30, a longer ride than from London to Paris at approximately the same rate.

The money paid out by the government on mail contracts last year amounted to $6,105,247. The mail itself weighed more than 3,000,000 pounds, tripling in bulk during the year. In July this year it was more than 100,000 pounds ahead of January.

The profits already collected in the infant industry are indicated by the report of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company, Inc., for last year, announcing a net profit of $1,528,782. This was one of the companies on the verge of ruin just after the war. C. M. Keys obtained control of it at that time from John N. Willys, the automobile manufacturer, paying around $3 a share for it, according to report.

Given a continuance of the present public confidence, the industry is now ready for the operating of a practical transportation service. The Lindbergh era of personal heroism and the bankers' era of consolidations will carry over, but in the growth of flying as a whole they probably have done their part. But the demand of the times has swung around toward the railroader type who can develop new feeder lines and persuade the public to ride with him.

The steps just ahead, leaders say, must start with a redistribution of operating lines to territories where they actually will fit. In the East with convenient overnight train schedules between cities, there will be less traffic than in the far-spread West. Wichita, Kansas, builds more ships than the whole of New York State.

Another step will be to reduce the cost of manufacture by factory methods. Every ship now is practically handmade. Manufacturers talk of being able to stamp out a wing with one stroke of a die. When they do, hundreds of airports will have to enlarge their acreage. The metal plane would be part of such a program, and its life would be much longer than the present estimated limit of three years.

Most ambitious of all present plans is that for obtaining eventually complete handling of the first-class mail, leaving only bulk mail to the railroads. Such a plan has the partial endorsement already of the assistant postmaster general in charge of air-mail, who said recently: "It seems to me that in the near future the department will have to consider the carrying of two-cent or first-class mail in the air, especially on the long hops over those passenger lines now going into operation." Such a shift might involve serious conflict with the railroads, and the prize of the mail contracts would bring in a more intense rivalry among the aviation lines than they have yet seen.

Aviation by all these tokens appears too vigorous a development to be stopped, even by a casualty list built up through uncontrollable and often reckless elements. It doesn't want even to be slowed up by such a handicap.

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The Challenge to Labor Standards

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

IF there is anything in the theory of a protective tariff then Massachusettes is entitled to a tariff to protect its workers from competition with toilers in South Carolina, with its low labor standards. In the South generally, labor is cheaper, hours are longer, and taxes are lower than in the North. Only the Constitution of the United States, which forbids tariffs as between the States, prevents an application of the G. O. P. doctrine of protection to the new competition between the North and the South; for our country is a conglomeration of widely differentiated communities of varying ideals and standards.

It is perhaps well to remind those who think that the millennium is just around the corner that night work for women and minors is still common in the South, whereas it is forbidden by law in most of the North, and in England, continental Europe, India and China. Until recently, some of our Southern States were tied in backwardness by Japan, but a law went into effect on July 1, 1929, forbidding night work for women and children in Nippon.

The truth is that the South, which since the war has had a remarkable industrial renaissance, has turned back the clock of industrial history, and the same struggle which was successfully waged in the factories of England in the nineteenth century must be repeated.

So careful an observer as Leo Wolman, labor economist, informally remarked to me: "My opinion is, of course, that the prevalence of low wage levels and long work weeks has already contributed much to reducing standards of labor in Northern competitive States and that as long as this state of affairs continues Northern levels are likely to be still further depressed."

This opinion tends to confirm my own view that one of the principal social issues in the United States is the problem of converting Southern manufacturers and law makers to progressive labor standards which prevail in the North. The efforts along these lines of humane church and liberal publications are hopeful signs, and the recent series of strikes indicates that the necessary motive power for altering conditions will not be lacking. The principal job for organized labor in the United States is to unionize the South effectively. Otherwise, the victories of labor in the North will prove ephemeral and illusory, as the drift of business from the unionized soft coal mines of the North to the non-union mines of Kentucky and West Virginia in recent years has so clearly demonstrated.

The necessary objectives should be approached without blind emotion. Owners of Southern mills have not as a class been fabulous profiteers. As a matter of fact, in spite of low wages, a majority have been hard pressed to make both ends meet. They have in many instances been victims of promoters among machinery vendors who "oversold" the advantages of the South. As a result, the productive capacity of the nation's cotton textile mills was expanded out of all proportion to the steady increase in the demand for the product. Accordingly, in the midst of record-breaking Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover prosperity, the cotton textile trade has been a laggard—a lean and hungry member in a highly prosperous family of diversified industry.

From a strictly economic standpoint without reference to human considerations, profit and loss statements have demonstrated in the United States since the war that industries, like coal and textiles, which depend for their success in a measure on sweating labor, have fared relatively poorly. On the other hand, the automobile, steel, and electrical industries, which find well-paid labor the most economical, have amassed the largest profits; for they have learned the technique of adding to the productivity of human beings through aiding them with machinery.

But it takes slower-witted business executives at least a generation to learn the new truth that high wages constitute the road to national prosperity, in which all soundly managed industries are bound to share. Capital has been lured to the South by the repetition of ancient economic fallacies. In underbidding the Northern labor market, the South is sacrificing its longer-term advantages for temporary benefits. As long as it sweats labor, it is in reality exporting products, consisting largely of labor, at inadequate prices. The result in strictly business terms is that the purchasing power of its population is low, and the prosperity of its local merchants and manufacturers is accordingly held down.

Meantime, numerous bourbon manufacturers are solidly lined up determined to maintain the reactionary status quo. Asked whether it would be desirable for the Southern textile States to imitate the laws of Massachusetts, one of the leading cotton men in the Southwest candidly replied: "It is neither necessary nor advisable for the Southern textile States to enact labor legislation similar to that on the books of the State of Massachusetts."

To the extent that the South possesses legitimate advantages over the North, such as proximity to sources of raw material, it deserves to take over much of the textile business. In respect to the effect of this transition on the earnings of mill stocks in New Bedford, Fall River and Lawrence, the disinterested observer will be unconcerned. But to the extent that Southern industry is built up by depressing wage standards and ideals in social legislation, its activities constitute an important national issue.

Originally, the textile business flourished along the seacoast of Massachusetts, instead of in the South, because those Northern cities possessed a natural dampness which was needed in spinning cotton. In recent years, however, artificial humidification has made it possible to emulate the fogginess in the driest Southern towns. Accordingly, a basic reason for running textile mills in New England, far from the source of raw materials, has disappeared as a result of technological progress.

To some extent, the moving of mills to the South has been accomplished without a careful analysis of the advantages. One of the principal cotton textile manufacturers in the country informed me:

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It must be borne in mind that fine cotton goods are made from cotton grown in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Medium cotton goods or print cloths are best made and most commonly made from cotton grown in Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. There is, therefore, no particular economic reason for making medium or fine goods in the Carolinas, except for low wages and longer hours. It is obvious that the climatic conditions of the Northeast are better suited for factory labor than the warmer and more enervating climate of the Southeast and South.

This same manufacturer, in alluding to alleged unfair competition in the South, said:

The factor that is operating to develop the manufacture of cotton goods in the South more rapidly than in the North is the longer hours and lower wages permitted and customary in the South. I would refer you to the labor statistics published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics which show that wages in South Carolina average about $14 a week for 55 hours' work as against about $20 a week for 48 hours' work in Massachusetts. The trend toward the South will continue until wages are on a more nearly equal basis.

If Southern textile States should enact labor legislation comparable to that in Massachusetts, New York, or Illinois, it would sharply curtail the increase in cotton manufacturing in the South. It might, however, be better from a social standpoint for the communities involved.

The neutral bystander might get the idea that the competition between the North and the South constitutes a laboratory experiment which would demonstrate the advantage of paying adequate wages. However, the facts hardly warrant such a conclusion. In the first place, the textile industry in New England is not one of the modern, conspicuously well-directed industries, for which American business executives have become renowned. It suffers from obsolete machinery, traditionalism, and nepotism. Moreover, its labor conditions, though better than those prevailing in the South, have been distinctly unsatisfactory as compared with standards in more successful industries of the North. Furthermore, some of the identical interests own mills in both the North and the South. The whole industry is in flux, and is seeking to adjust itself to changes wrought by the competition of other products, such as rayon, and of fluctuating fashions. Accordingly, this sick industry cannot be depended on to give any conclusive demonstration of the economic validity of the high-wage theory.

In alluding to wage differences in the North and South, the National Bureau of Economic Research in a bulletin published last year offered this sensible interpretation:

Hourly rates of wages for either men or women are consistently lower in the South. In 1913 men's wages in the North are 44 per cent higher than men's wages in the South and women's 47 per cent. By 1926 the difference is even wider: men's wages in the North are 56 per cent greater than in the South and women's wages more than 60 per cent.

The full-time week was in 1914 nearly 10 per cent longer in the South than in the North and in 1926, at the end of the period, nearly 11 per cent longer.

Although wages and hours are a significant item in labor cost, these differences between the North and the South in hourly rates of wages and full-time hours per week cannot be regarded as measures of differences in labor cost in these two competing industrial areas. Unmeasured factors such as differences in the efficiency of labor, gratuities to workers in the form of rent or other services, are factors in labor cost that are not reflected in the wage rate. The same figures, likewise, are not measures of relative well-being because they do not take into consideration local differences, sometimes great, in the costs of living. Allowing for all such items, however, the figures appear on their face to indicate substantial competitive advantage to the South.

These comparative advantages, however, cannot be considered decisive in fixing the future localization of the cotton textile industry. Industry is subject to considerable inertia which resists its movement from one region to another. The existence of a supply of experienced labor and of substantial numbers of persons who have managerial capacity and who know the business, which is characteristic of the established industrial area, often acts to interrupt a trend that on its surface appears irresistible. Observers of the cotton textile industry point to the operation of such recuperative forces in the New England States that may conceivably interrupt, if not change, the trend of the industry toward the South.

My own opinion is that the South faces an excellent long-term economic future, which in the long run will be heightened by appropriate advances in social standards. Real prosperity, as Frank A. Vanderlip has observed, consists of the full employment of labor at high effective wages, rather than fabulous riches for a handful of mill owners and poverty for the multitudes of toilers.

The hostility of reactionary mill owners and their editorial cronies to conservative efforts to improve working conditions in the South automatically opened the field to the communist union in Gastonia. Where working conditions are wretched, the soil is fertile for the propagation of ideas of radical reform.

The American Federation of Labor, representing the right wing of American labor, is, of course, best equipped to do the missionary work of introducing trade unionism in the South. The organization, stimulated by strikes in Gastonia, in Elizabethton, Tennessee, and in South Carolina, has redoubled its efforts. William Green, president of the American Federation, in reporting tentative accomplishments, recently remarked:

It is a moving sight to record the steady formation of trade unions in the South. This group of workers maligned as docile and cheap has risen in the strength of their manhood and womanhood and said, "We want the agency of justice and freedom." Low wages, long hours, child labor, company houses, and a long list of other grievances are the cause of the revolt which spreads from mill to mill, and town to town.

The radical will be impatient with the cautious methods of the American Federation of Labor, but the objective observer recognizes that it can be extraordinarily helpful in guiding the transitional period. The Northern public should not forget that industrially the South is still several decades behind, and that in reality a new economic empire is being opened up.

Meantime, the competition of the South is a challenge to Northern labor standards, and even the meager advances thus far won for the Northern toiler have not yet been consolidated.

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The Dominant Sex

By T. SWANN HARDING

ISAIAH, an ancient Hebrew gentleman of doubtful historicity and prophetic inclinations, was once reported to have remarked in a moment of irritated candor: "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, we will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." There have been people who devoted almost their entire lives to the laudable work of tracing out the accuracy of Isaiah's predictions.

The period described by the prophet, however, has passed and gone. It would be difficult to find a woman today who desired to be called by any man's name to take away any conceivable sort of reproach. Nor does she eat her own bread and wear her own apparel, if she can easily help it. She eats and wears man's, but renounces his name in the interests of the Lucy Stone League and "sex equality." So much for the lucubrations of a bachelor prophet as inspired by a divinity also reputed to have avoided matrimony.

Today many expositors of doctrines on sex relations assume that man subjugated woman in savage society and that he consciously seeks to keep her subjugated in civilized society. The facts that you can find a "primitive" society conveniently adapted to illustrate almost any social theory you have in mind (I shall later produce some primitives to "prove" my own contentions, of course) and that in many such societies man does not subjugate woman, are customarily ignored. Furthermore, even among genuine primitives woman repeatedly worms her way in through man's prohibitions, whenever she wishes and however stringent the prohibitions are. Today, certainly, no man dares exercise his full legal rights over woman in this country. He knows better and he has now rechristened his timidity. He calls it chivalry.

The exponents of fanatical feminism are wrong. They are wrong individually and they are wrong collectively. While we cannot peer as closely as we should like behind the veil which shadows the past, what we can see darkly indicates that woman had her period of dominance and lost it. It was her own fault, and it was especially stupid on her part because every physiological fact lined itself up in her support!

It is not necessary for us to subscribe to the plenary inspiration of the remarkable and too little known "Dominant Sex" by Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting, in which the philosophy of matriarchy perhaps overleaps the facts in its enthusiasm. That comes of having a dogma to sustain. But there is little historical and still less physiological reason to believe that woman lost out except by her own crass stupidity. A few words of exposition may be in order.

Primitive tribes still exist today, as Malinowski has pointed out in "The Father in Primitive Psychology," which have no idea at all of the paternal function in procreation! This idea has its humorous implications if we dare think of it. The father as a family adjunct stands, a supernumerary, upon a very insecure foundation of social usage and custom, and the mother is the Parent. She wanders on occasion to the tall grass where spirits graciously attend her—and the father evinces no surprise or indignation, nor indeed suspects his wife's virtue, if upon a return from a two-year trip he finds new children at hand calling him daddy. It is difficult to imagine how any reasonably intelligent sex could ever be so utterly lethargic mentally as to let so powerful and so useful an instrument of dominance slip from its grasp.

But one may well ask what the antics of primitives of today have to do with conditions in the distant past. The partial reply is that we may insist in season and out of season that woman's physiological function in procreation made her inevitably the Parent of importance among all real primitives, gave over into her hands power, prestige, authority, possession and inheritance rights, and, by natural law, left the male in a position almost as ridiculous as that occupied by a drone bee who is not selected by the divine providence which presides over bee destinies to mate with the queen! Woman had, then, a tremendous running start over man.

Her physiological relationship to her progeny made her the founder of the home and, as its founder, she was originally its unconstitutional monarch or dictator. Man came and went sheepishly, a powerless and impotent adjunct to the habitation. Time and time again he was rather son than husband, when he married exogamically. Indeed, he was adopted by his wife into her tribe, but his major duty remained to a woman, his mother. When war between the tribes took place her relationship was paramount and he was subject to the maternal command. But he never escaped subjugation by woman, for his marriage was arranged for him by women.

His position in his wife's family was much more precarious than that of any modern wife marrying into her husband's family. He was there on sufferance. He got there originally because councils of old women put him there, and if those old ladies later decided that he should be expelled he returned home some day to find his tent opening facing the west and his possessions significantly outside. He thereupon passed placidly out of the picture and returned to mother. If in Roman civilization an Augustus put aside his beloved wife because his father found her objectionable, it was woman's own fault, for originally she undoubtedly had the upper hand and set man rudely in his place.

We may become more recent. In 1917 the women of New York State after much travail and hysteria at last achieved the right to vote, which most of them now value as men value it, which is to say, very little indeed. But among the Iroquois tribes which inhabited that State before modern padlocking refinements were introduced, all adults, male and female, belonged to the tribal council, which gave them equal suffrage on a democratic basis. Centuries before this the women of the Senecas were electing the tribal officers and exercising the power of recall as well, when necessary. Among the Wyandottes and Hurons the clan

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was governed by a council composed of one man and four women; the women were elected by the women of the tribe; the man was elected by the four women of the council!

The chief of these associated tribes was elected by women; he served a probationary period during which he was denied vote or voice, and if he made good he was invested with the tunic of office—by a woman! Since the combined tribal council of these peoples was made up of the aforementioned clan councils it was four-fifths women too. Could feminism hope to go further? Then through what crass idiocy did the sex lose this power?

There are other primitives I can use for my purpose, since one of the maxims of sociology is: "Prove it by Primitives." I therefore remark the savage African. We are reliably informed that Yoruba, Ashanti, and many other tribal chiefs were restrained from the more lurid forms of violence by feminine influence; wives, mothers, and sisters successfully prevailed upon and thus ruled over the chiefs. The Bushongo blacks have (or since the white man has corrupted them we may better now say "had") a parliament three hundred years old. It was chosen by popular vote—all adults voting regardless of sex. It systematically represented not only each territory, but each craft and trade.

Ancient legends celebrate this early feminine dominance. Tales of Amazons and the homage paid to Athene, goddess of wisdom, attest it. Five thousand years ago the sophisticated culture of Babylon and Egypt yielded to feminine power. Woman was better off at that time than she is anywhere in the world today. Herodotus, after visiting Egypt, returned to report to man-ruled Greece that things were topsy-turvy on the Nile. No wonder he thought so. For he found that "they call themselves after their mothers and not their fathers; and if one ask his neighbor who he is he will state his mother's parentage and enumerate his fore-mothers."

The Egyptian woman, married or single, made contracts in her own right and for her own benefit. She could bring action at law and plead her own case in court. She practiced medicine and officiated as priestess in the temple. She shared the social freedom of her husband, and Cleopatra, as Queen of Egypt, early directed her own army and navy in person, conceiving and directing military and naval maneuvers.

But ah, this Egyptian woman's marriage contracts! There was dominance with which to reckon. The possession of her own property was retained by her in marriage, frequently supplemented by the property of her husband made over to her as a bridal gift. The partnership thereafter was joint, but it was profoundly partial to the wife. It was usual for the husband's deeds to be indorsed by his wife, but his indorsement on hers was totally unnecessary. Furthermore, he was required to stipulate in the marriage contract how much he would allow the wife yearly for her personal support, his entire property being at times pledged as security. The wife was further protected by a charge on her husband to be paid at once in the event of her divorcement.

Did man chafe under this feminine dominance? Was he in militant revolt? Hardly. Instead he spoke of her as "glad and gladdening like the midday sun," as "cheerful and rejoicing," as "set in honor." He was always delightfully submissive. He was advised by Petah Hotep in 3360 B.C. to "observe that which she wisheth and that on which her mind runneth; thereby thou shalt make her stay in thy house." For it was the man's job to make the home attractive. Finally he was admonished by philosophical advisers: "If thou resistest her will it is ruin." Man still remembers that admonition.

When man ceased to accept his subjection and began to subdue the world, woman, tradition-ridden and inert, failed to sense the coming change and stepped docile into bondage. Of man's uprising, his revolt and seizure of power, our reports are meager. But woman became subject to man, she became a chattel and, so far as history saith, she took all this lying down. She deserves what she got, just as the American man of today, supinely subject to woman in all things that matter, impotent, downtrodden, and sequacious, deserves what he has brought upon himself; for of course woman assumes dominance again today.

No doubt one fact bulked large in woman's defeat. Man found out that he was the father of his own children, and instantly he assumed control. Woman was caught by surprise at his perspicacity. At last he had his eyes open. He had been fooled long enough, and he must now go the whole road to liberty. In fact, he began to reserve liberty as his own prerogative and restricted his wife exclusively to himself at the same time. He not only usurped woman's privileges; he invented some new ones. He took sex liberty and ironically turned to exalt female virtue, chastity and fidelity. He held woman to monogamy and reserved group marriage for himself. For if mothers are faithful, descent may still be reckoned paternally even in polygynous unions, a thing impossible in polyandry, anyway.

Only recently has woman had sufficient courage to revolt and to demand the same rights, liberties, and license that man has. She has done this successfully because man has in his turn taken his new subjugation lying down. He protests feebly, but plays golf, supplies the cash, seeks to support his wife in conspicuous leisure and to keep her out of too much mischief, and hopes for the best, usually getting much less than that.

But when man first took the helm he was master. He told woman in China (Chun Ka Po; "Transmitted Family Pearls"): "No one desires that you should be intelligent or your abilities of a high order. . . . You ought to know that the husband is the wife's heaven; that you have not been born a male is owing to your amount of wickedness in a previous state of existence having been deep and heavy." And she believed him!

He told her in Greece (Hesiod) that she was Pandora opening a jar of troubles and (Simonides) that she was "the greatest evil that God had ever created." In fact Mettullicus Macedonicus indignantly declared: "If we could get along without wives we would dispense with the nuisance." That does have a decidedly querulous modern tone. Aristotle said: "The male is by nature superior, and the female inferior; and the one rules while the other is ruled." His dictum was flat and unadorned, and destined long to hold sway.

In Rome Cato was saying: "The husband is judge of his wife. . . . If she has been guilty of adultery, he kills her." There is somehow no mistaking that imperious voice. Woman heard, and was silent. The Hebrews adopted the

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same pagan ways. Among them man, quite characteristically, assumed the voice of God and informed woman: "Thy desire shall be thy husband and he shall rule over thee"; and he added contemptuously: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

Then there seems to have arisen among the Hebrews, a legendary figure, sedulously repudiated by them, of course, shrouded in the fogs of history, half-obliterated by the miasmas of theology, an intrepid social reformer. He consorted with prostitutes and condoned them, but blamed men for their sin. He did not explain it economically. He perhaps knew that the 1926 Report of the New York Salvation Army Headquarters would remark that the professional prostitute had almost disappeared now since maternity homes were filled to capacity with school-children of an average age of sixteen. But, says the contemporary reformer, prostitution is caused *exclusively* by economic injustice. Yes?

Today prostitution declines, female promiscuity increases, the economic system meanwhile remains intact. But this ancient Hebrew iconoclast dashed his head bravely against the stone wall of Oriental female seclusion; he reasoned with women and considered them worth intellectual regeneration.

Then the man who put Christ over to the masses came to undo this revolutionary step toward feminine emancipation. For Paul averred: "A man ought to cover his head forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man." He continued austerely: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." Finally he ordered: "Let them be silent and at home consult their husbands." Again woman heard her master's voice, believed him, and obeyed.

The early church fathers hastened to sustain Paul. "Above all it seems right that we turn away from the sight of women," they said, "for it is a sin not only to touch, but to look; and he who is rightly trained must especially avoid them." St. Chrysostom echoed this righteous sentiment when he added: "What is woman but an enemy to friendship, and unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a wicked work of nature covered with shining varnish?"

Man then spoke throughout the world with authority, and woman stupidly trembled. She let him wrest economic power from her and stood aghast, unable to cope with him in a battle of wits. Nor did she come to herself for years, and it was the nineteenth century before she tried the very obvious and simple experiment of invading man's outside economic sphere as a way of equalizing her status. When she did this who stopped her? No one.

Who stopped the very emancipated Mrs. Samuel Pepys? Who stopped Aspasia, the ruler of Pericles, or Sappho, who decided to be learned in a bachelor-girl way? Determination always succeeds in such cases. In Persia woman, unlike her emancipated Turkish sister, was still subdued even in 1926-1927. The dictator Reza Shah Pahlavi believed in no modern woman tomfoolery. But little bespectacled Parvin Khanun, defying him, refused to enter his palace as court poetess and tutor to his wife and children.

In Turkey women cast aside their veils and the religion of Mohammed when they wished to do so. In Tibet they have for generations controlled businesses of their own; in Spain, France, Italy, and South America they arise to power when they desire power sufficiently. In England and America man now stands helpless in turn, unable to think up anything sufficiently clever to limit woman's increasing sway. Sex domination is always built upon the collective stupidity of one sex or the other. Today the trend is against man in the United States and Great Britain, and he is too stupid to stay the march of victorious woman.

Of course in this day of enlightenment, when each school-child is better equipped with scientific fact than was Aristotle, no such simple expedient as discovering that he is the father of his own child, or domesticating animals, will save man. Nor can woman ever be saved again by the simple expedient of entering man's extra-household economic sphere. A compromise expedient is necessary, and this can have but one basis and one foundation.

The foundation must be a realization of the fact that men and women are entirely different animals. We must have sense enough to allow for the scientific implications of this definite physiological and psychological fact. Then the basis of adjustment or compromise must be that equality which exists among incommensurable, complementary, and asymmetrical coordinates. What does all this mean?

Fortunately it means something quite simple. A peach and a pear cannot justly be compared. There is no common measure of value; they cannot be superimposed, and you cannot say which is better and which is worse. Exactly the same holds for a horse and a cow, for a chronometer and a microscope, and for a man and a woman. Physiology and psychology set definite limits to their characters and adaptabilities. Each has its peculiar faults and fine qualities. Each may be as good of its kind as the other of its kind and that is all that can be said. There is no sound basis for sex dominance.

In the Driftway

THE New York *World* shows itself to be a true lover of Americana in its scornful refusal to accept the claim of the motor launch Bogie to beating the record of the famous Mississippi River steamboat Robert E. Lee. The Bogie is doubtless a good boat, and her crew is to be congratulated on having made the run from New Orleans to St. Louis in a couple of hours less time than did the Lee in the memorable race against the Natchez fifty-nine years ago. But the record of the Lee still stands, and is unlikely to be either beaten or forgotten as long as steamboats are remembered and the Mississippi still flows from the prairies to the sea. The performance of the Bogie hasn't anything more to do with the record of the Robert E. Lee than the crossing-time of the new steamship Bremen has to do with the best transatlantic passage of the celebrated sailing ship Red Jacket.

* * * * *

IT is good, though, to be reminded of those proud packets of the Mississippi in the 70's which churned up and down the river when it was the great highway of the Middle West. People used to stand on the river banks at night to see the crack steamboats go by, fire pouring from their smoke-

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stacks, and crowds gathered at the landings as they do now in New York for the arrival of the Leviathan or the Ile de France. The great days of Mississippi River steamboating were the decade just previous to the Civil War and again for a few years shortly after the conflict—before the railroads finally robbed the river of its trade and its glory. The earlier boats, though fast, were dangerous, and explosions of the boilers in those still primitive days of steam were common. Most of the Mississippi River craft were the "high pressure" type of which Charles Dickens wrote: "It always conveyed that kind of feeling to me which I should be likely to experience, I think, if I had lodgings on the first floor of a powder mill."

* * * * *

THE Robert E. Lee was one of the last and greatest of the crack fleet of Old Man River. The Lee is credited with a speed of eighteen miles an hour against the current and as much as twenty-five miles when running downstream. The steamboat still lives in the song and story of the river and in our own generation was recalled in a bit of early jazz. The Drifter was abroad at the time and was doubly impressed to have the song first reach his ears from the throats of scores of young Cockneys picnicking on a rainy Easter Monday in 1913 on the water-soaked grass of London's Hampstead Heath. (The English never postpone a picnic because of rain. There just wouldn't be any picnics if they did.) Everywhere the Drifter went he found groups of young men and women, weaving back and forth in an improvised dance on the sodden grass, singing a lilting chorus:

Waiting on the levee,
Waiting on the levee,
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee!

* * * * *

ANYHOW the Drifter is glad of the reminder of old times on the Mississippi brought by the publicity gained from the recent trip of the motor launch Bogie. Though racing days may be dead on the Mississippi, there has lately been a revival of the old rivalries on the Ohio. A year ago there was a nip-and-tuck race between two side-wheelers on the Ohio near Louisville and this summer the Tom Greene and the Betsy Ann had a contest near New Richmond. It must have been a perfect race in every way even to the fact that the spectators quarrelled with the verdict of the judges and half of the onlookers went home protesting vehemently that the Betsy Ann had won although victory was officially awarded to the Tom Greene. That sounds like the old river spirit. The accounts which the Drifter read failed to say whether the rival steamboats were side-wheelers or stern-wheelers. He imagines that they were the former, although all the steamboats which the Drifter has seen around Pittsburgh lately have been propelled by one great churning wheel at the stern. Most of these craft have seemed dingy and drooping compared with the vessels which Pittsburgh once knew. For it should not be forgotten that our present metropolis of belching iron foundries and steel rolling-mills was at one time a great town for the building of wooden ships. In the early days of the nineteenth century its yards not only turned out flatboats and steamboats but fashioned schooners, brigs, and even full-rigged ships, which were floated down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers at high water and thus to the sea.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Whose Vandalism?

[We have received a multitude of letters concerning Max Bahr's article on the destruction of the Münsterwalde bridge in *The Nation* of April 3. From these we select the three following communications as representative, and beg to consider the controversy closed.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of April 3 Max Bahr, a German publicist, signed a brief but fiery arraignment of Polish vandalism and its menace to the peace of Europe. The vandalism of which Poland was accused is the willful destruction of a great bridge, a masterpiece of engineering skill, on the Polish-German East Prussia frontier, for the purpose of annihilating peaceful intercourse between these territories, an act claimed to be open defiance of a treaty.

The bridge across the Vistula, a little south of Gniew (Mewe), known as the Opalenie (Münsterwalde) bridge, was erected in 1909 by Prussia at a cost of more than $4,000,000 (no doubt from Polish taxes). By final decision of the International Commission on the plebiscite for the Polish-German East Prussia frontier, Poland received this bridge and, on the German side, five small villages. If it were true that Poland is exceeding her rights in razing a bridge on her own territory, Germany would have a good case to present to the League of Nations; it is significant that none has been presented.

This bridge, whose depreciated value in 1928 was estimated at about $3,000,000, is being torn down by the Polish government for two reasons, both of which Herr Bahr and other Germans have neglected to mention:

(1) Whatever the conditions demanding the bridge in 1909 were, the traffic at that point was so small in 1927 and 1928 that the passage of each person over the bridge, because of high maintenance expenses, cost the Polish government 425 zlotys, or $50. It is a higher toll rate than individuals will pay, and more than a new government can ask its taxpayers to pay. During 1927 there were only 203 automobiles and 1,554 carriages passing over the bridge, and during 1928 the average daily traffic amounted to 38 persons, which, remembering that on the border each person is counted twice, actually meant 19 (quoting the German figures, which, understandably, are a little higher than the Polish).

(2) Since before the war the bridge standing at Toruń, farther south on the river, through which both Polish and East Prussian commerce is served, has been insufficient to accommodate the traffic at that point. Conditions demand a new bridge, and, although a modern one was desired, the Treasury was unable to furnish it: calculation showed that it would be cheaper to transfer the Opalenie bridge. The steamboat traffic at Toruń in 1927 was, monthly, 81,000 people, and in summer months, increased up to 120,000. The bridge at Toruń monthly was serving 82,000 people, 12,000 carriages, 6,000 automobiles, and 6,000 bicycles (Toruń is not a border city and there is no duplicate counting). In other words, the bridge standing at Opalenie, where it was a heavy burden on the government, if moved to Toruń, would serve 1,400 times more traffic. (The figures quoted are from a statement by the Polish Ministry of Foreign Affairs).

The bridge is being moved and will be ready for use within a year or two at Toruń. Is it not, as the Germans declare, an outrageous piece of vandalism?

HELEN R. MICHEJDA

Giszowiec; Górny, Slask, Poland, July 17

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Dr. Bahr's Defense

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Albert Morawski-Nawench tries to ironise my essay about the destruction of the bridge at Münsterwalde saying: "One cannot very well see a threatening of the peace of Europe by this." He is of course misinterpreting my deductions rather violently. Nobody with common sense will assume that there will be a European war because of the bridge of Münsterwalde. But the sentiment marked by such a deed bears in itself the germ of war, that would set Europe ablaze.

Only very short-sighted people may be misled by the description of the small traffic over the bridge nowadays and the high cost to each traveler. Before the war the daily railway traffic amounted to 30, sometimes even 40 trains. At present of course the traffic is smaller. Still, however, from the first of January to the last of June, 1928, 6,796 persons crossed the bridge in 183 days—371 for a day—not 19!

In times of normal peaceful business connections between Poland and Germany the bridge would serve for the nearer traffic of about half the part of West Prussia that remained with Germany—including about 120,000 souls—and a quarter of the part which came to Poland, including about 240,000 souls, totalling 360,000. A look at the map shows a well-developed net of railroads on both sides of the Vistula and in a distance of about thirty miles a number of smaller towns, and a well developed agriculture. Certainly with a treaty of commerce between Poland and Germany also a part of the greater through traffic would have taken its way over this bridge, so that probably more than "five wagons with wood for a sawmill" would pass it. It is rather childish to find the arithmetical sum of nineteen (?) people passing every day to and fro on a bridge that has a value of 26,000,000 zloties with 1,300,000 zloties rent a year, and 232 zloties as the share of the costs per traveler. Poland itself has not spent a cent for the cost, neither does it transfer the value of 26,000,000 zloties to Thorn. To blow up the pillars might cost hundreds of thousands of zloties.

Lansberg, Germany, July 14 Max Bahr

[In the second paragraph Mr. Bahr has made a serious mathematical error which exaggerates the number of persons using the bridge. 6,796 ÷ 183 = 37.1, not 371.—Editor The Nation.]

From a Polish Editor

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been drawn to a letter from Mr. H. D. Isenberg, appearing in *The Nation* of June 26, in which he undertakes to bolster up the original contentions about alleged "Polish vandalism" in the destruction of the Münsterwalde bridge across the Vistula. Mr. Isenberg makes the statement that "the railroad from Münsterwalde bridge was virtually the only practical route through the corridor to the fatherland for marketing the agricultural produce of East Prussia." The Treaty of Versailles definitely obligated Poland to give "free transit between Germany and East Prussia through the territory ceded to Poland and through the Free City of Danzig." All questions of railway communications have to be regulated with the participation of Germany. Accordingly, agreement was reached in 1921—not in 1925, as Mr. Isenberg says—naming eight railway lines for this transit through Poland. The line over the Münsterwalde bridge was not one of them. Consequently, it was discontinued eight years ago and the official custom-house figures quoted in the letter of Mr. Albert Morawski-Nawench omitted the record of railroad traffic over this bridge for the excellent reason that there was none. Mr. Isenberg's statement that the proposed ferry—which is not only proposed, but is in operation—can never be an adequate substitute for the bridge, is merely an uninformed opinion.

Documentary evidence of Germany's satisfaction with the rail communications with East Prussia across Polish territory is contained in a published opinion of the Directory of German Railways in Königsberg under the title "East Prussian Economics and Communication Before and After the War." I quote from this publication as follows: "In regard to transit traffic, East Prussia can no longer be called an 'enclave.' The Reich Railways have bridged the way over the Polish transit territory."

New York, July 5 Ignace Morawski

Catullus on Aviation

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In this day of rival flights across the Seven Seas, let us not forget Catullus's immortal reference to aviation in his time! It reads:

> Iam ver egelidos refert tepores,
> iam caeli furor aequinoctialis
> iucundis Zephyri silescit aureis.
> Linquantur Phrygii, Catulle, campi
> Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae:
> ad claras Asiae volemus urbes.
> Iam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
> iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.
> O dulces comitum valete coetus,
> longe quos simul a domo profectos
> diversae variae viae reportant.

Emerson assures us that Rome practiced many arts now lost. Flying may have been one of them; if we translate *volemus* literally, of course it was!

Nathan Haskell Dole

Ogunquit, Maine, June 15, MDCDXXIX

[For the benefit of the occasional reader of *The Nation* who may have been too busy during recent years tinkering his radio or handling the controls of his airplane to keep his Latin absolutely fresh, we append Martin's translation of the poem of Catullus to which Mr. Dole so delightfully calls attention. —Editor The Nation.]

> A balmy warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
> The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
> In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
> Has died away; the spring, the spring is here!
>
> Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain,
> Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall crown
> Nicaea's fields with wealth of golden grain,
> And fly to Asia's cities of renown!
>
> Already through each nerve a flutter runs
> Of eager hope, that longs to be away,
> Already 'neath the light of other suns
> My feet, new-wing'd for travel, yearn to stray.
>
> And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
> Who side by side went forth from home, farewell!
> How far apart the paths shall carry you
> Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
August 12—Mr. Mussey
August 19—Mr. Warner

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Books

Maine: November

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Outside the wall cut fir-boughs nestling,
A fragrant barricade against the cold,
Wait for increase of winter. Brown vines cling
Along the eaves. Chill window-boxes hold
The whispering ghosts of gaunt geraniums.
The drifted silver of the moon is lost
Where upon deepening windows faintly comes
Premonitory fingering of frost
Against the whitening hour . . . Cold sands blow
Up from the sea and straggling under hedges
Sting the dull grass to hissing as they go.
Threadbare of soil, a moon-lit rock's lean edges,
Holding proud nakedness from burial
Beneath the steely crystals' thin turmoil,
Stand as of right amid a shifting soil
To wait cold comfort in the white snow's fall.

Voyage

By EVELYN SCOTT

I

Upright and proud and isolate,
The mast; already past, the slow land.
Gulls cleave the sky
Into clean remnants of a lost earth motion;
The hooting gulls
That are the carrion angels of the ocean;
The slow gulls who write themselves severely
On the sinking glare,
Turning their pale heads between
Phantom-feathered shoulders and observing
Where all light-ships crash away, extinct.
A thin tincture, a small essence that is star,
A drop, hangs over blued and sooted waters
As they slope and curve and smite
With heavier bludgeoning
The ruddy orchards of the hazy west.
I am alone, and blest.

II

Moon, fine as a shrill whip,
Lashes the clouds,
Shreds gloomy gold
From bitter tendril curled,
Excites a sodden world
To moving tremors.
I feel the waters sway with me.
And all the giddy universe with stars
Beats vastly, like a gale-flapped banner.

III

Over the numb edge of sky
Climb the snow-traveling mountains,
Vapor-fuming,
In ice-grey, running hummocks,
Until the moving Andes has turned white with gale.
Jade-stained valleys, soot-blue peaks,
Milk-gushing springs in marble-curled alleys,
Diamond-smoking, choking with refused reflections
Of sunset like the slag eruption of a cold volcano:
In all this vividness-to-animality,
A hell for exquisites.
Even with the forecast of the night,
When the horizon is harsh horn of shadow scarcely seen,
This gentle bedlam, in its vastness,
Seems serene;
And Death here
In black innocence.

"The Father of the House"

Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian. By The Right Honorable T. P. O'Connor, M. P. D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE oldest Member of the House of Commons is called "The Father of the House," and well does dear old "T. P." deserve the name. Not only for his age (and he is eighty-one), but for a certain kindliness and benignity that we should all like to associate with the name of father, no matter how often we are disappointed. I should say that never in his long life has he felt or shown a trace of malice or malignity toward any human soul, no matter how violently opposed upon political opinions or public actions. Most journalists in London have at one time or another known his unselfish helpfulness, and like most journalists, I can speak of it from experience. And now that he is old, though not past work, his friends in Parliament (and that must surely include all the Members) have combined to make him a presentation tomorrow (July 18), partly to show their personal esteem, partly to ensure for him freedom from money cares. For in spite of his persistent labors, and energetic public life, and the numerous successful papers he has started and edited, he remains a comparatively poor man, and, as he told me lately, the fear of poverty still haunts him.

These volumes alone ought to remove that fear for the rest of his life, for I suppose a great sale is certain. So that *The Nation* may have this notice in good time, I have devoted a long day and a long night to reading them, but in any case I should have read them straight through without a break. So absorbing is their interest. Possibly their interest is peculiarly strong to me, for they treat of those terrible years when first I began to turn special attention to Ireland and her piteous condition. But to everyone with a sense for personality and dramatic action their interest must be overwhelming. We find brief introductions from previous years just to show what the Irish question implied (and in fact O'Connor was himself born in the very year of the worst famine, 1848), but the main story is concerned only with those eleven years from 1880 to 1891, marked by the intensely dramatic incidents of the Land League, the Phoenix Park murders, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, the Pigott forgeries, and the fall of Parnell owing to his passionate love for Mrs. O'Shea. Other matters of great interest come in by the way, especially the disasters that befell Mr. Gladstone's Government after his triumph in 1880—the conflict over Bradlaugh's refusal to take the oath in Parliament, the terrible fate of Gordon at Khartoum, the danger from Russia on the Indian frontier, and other troubles that pursued that ill-

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fated Ministry. But throughout, the main interest of the time was Ireland, and here we have the history of those tempestuous years told by one who was himself a great part of the events, and always stood behind the scene.

How different is such a record from the sneering and malignant sketches by writers who have never in their lives known responsibility or taken a share in action or exposed themselves to danger or even to anxiety for a great cause, but think they have written history and penetrated into character when they have contrived to squeeze from their acrid brains the pungent epigrams that will gain popularity and a big sale for their books. They succeed because the majority of ordinary people like to be told evil of accepted heroes, and to be shown that the noble figures of an age are not much better than their poor little selves. Surely in the last seven or eight years we have had enough of those blow-fly epigrammatists! Here at all events is the antidote to their acidulated depreciation. My one regret in these volumes is that the author quotes from Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" one of the passages in which we are shown General Gordon as addicted to brandy and soda. A writer who has probably never suffered heat in his life unless sheltered by sympathetic parasols, has never known thirst beyond the reach of iced lemonade, and probably has never known a moment's danger or risked a hair for a noble object—that such a man should devote his eminent wit to making light of Gordon in a hot and thirsty desert, exposed by day and night to the peril of savage death, and contending for the safety of thousands of fellow men—that may delight the exquisite dwellers in Bloomsbury Square, and it is evidently what the public likes, but Mr. T. P. O'Connor has not followed that popular line.

With patient skill he brings before us all the most prominent figures of those eleven dramatic years—Isaac Butt, Joseph Biggar, Michael Davitt, Tim Healy, Thomas Sexton, John Dillon, Swift MacNeill, Charles Bradlaugh, Randolph Churchill, A. J. Balfour, W. E. Forster, and other friends or enemies of the Irish cause, most of whom I have known, at all events by sight, and some of whom still survive as ghosts of an almost incredible past. But the two figures that stand out most prominently in the drama are Mr. Gladstone and Charles Stewart Parnell. To both Mr. O'Connor was at one time or other politically and even violently opposed, but what an impression of heroic qualities he leaves upon our minds! In the case of Mr. Gladstone this is the more remarkable and the more welcome. For clever writers, from Mr. Lytton Strachey and M. Maurois downward, have chosen Mr. Gladstone as the chief butt of their envenomed sneers, and now every whippersnapper imitates their easy game. They never knew, never heard, never saw that amazing man, but Mr. O'Connor knew him for years, and we who only saw and heard him know the incalculable greatness of the commanding figure. The nobility of his character and the greatness of his intellect shine throughout these volumes, but let me quote only two passages on his personal qualities:

> As he walked up the floor of the House he seemed to be enveloped by a great solitude, so unmistakably did he stand out from all the figures around him. I must add to this description of his extreme physical gifts the wonderful quality of his voice. It was a powerful voice, but sweet and melodious, and it was managed as exquisitely and as faithfully as the song of a great prima donna. If the speech were ringing, it came to your ears almost soft by that constant change of tone which the voice displayed; it could whisper, it could thunder.

Or again, take this brief account of the noble-hearted old man who at seventy-six had led the great revolution of his life—his Home Rule Bill—and just been defeated:

> Gladstone was at his best in his speech [at Liverpool, June, 1886]—playful, argumentative, solemn, all these moods were conveyed in a voice that, in spite of the terrible strain upon it, seemed as fresh as ever. Then he went into the streets and received the same rapturous reception. It was not the first occasion on which I saw proof that the appearance of Gladstone—with his magnificent face, his splendid eyes, the expression at once so benignant as well as so resolute, his broad shoulders, and the sense of vigour and resolution, not weakened by seventy-six years of life—had almost the effect of the trailing of a miraculous saint among masses of idolaters.

After those and many similar accurate descriptions, coming from one who fought in the very thick of the dramatic conflict, perhaps the literary amateurs in politics who have never known what action is had better hold their peace.

The other personality who stands foremost in this absorbing record is the heroic and enigmatic figure of Parnell. I suppose he remains the most inscrutable nature in political history, but here we are shown him more clearly than in any other book known to me, even than in his lover's and wife's own reminiscences. Who could fathom that glacial nature under which stormed so violent a torrent of passion, of love, of hatred, and of utter devotion to the cause of national freedom? No element of tragedy on the grand scale was wanting to his purpose, his struggle, and his fall. As to the cause of that fall, I have never understood how even the most conscientious "Nonconformist conscience" could have greatly condemned—condemned to utter ruin—a man whose love was so natural, so loyal, and so excusable; for no love had ever been lost between Mrs. O'Shea and her contemptible husband. But let me quote Mr. O'Connor himself, though, to his grief—his permanent grief, as I feel assured—he parted from his great leader at the time of crisis:

> At what precise time this evidently growing love between them developed into intimacy is left unanswered, but it must have happened pretty soon. The two people were violently drawn together by a natural affinity, and in soul, in heart, and in body they reached the unity of perfect love as much as any two human beings.

There, unhappily, this notice must end. The Father of the House has lived to see a greater measure of freedom gained for his country than Parnell ever dreamed of. But if those who have the good fortune to be so young that they cannot remember the conflict of the 'eighties as I can would realize what that measure of freedom cost the patriots who fought for it forty or fifty years ago, let them read the record of its inner history in this irresistible account by one who then played a leading part in the conflict.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Russia Moves On

The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate. By N. Ognyov. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

LIKE his "Diary of a Communist Schoolboy," Ognyov's present "Diary" offers a fascinating and vividly authentic picture of the bewildering social and psychological changes in the student life of Soviet Russia. Against the background of a tumultuously changing milieu and of numerous ailments and contradictions incident to a transition period, the undergraduate's notes reveal a university world stimulatingly perplexing and bizarre and a student body glowingly vital and promising. Twelve years of civil war and revolution have almost eliminated the queer, neurotic, ineffectual, broodingly introspective, morbidly sensitive, excessively cultivated "hero" of the past. The Onegins and the Pechorins, the Rudins and the Oblomovs, the Karamazovs and the Sanins had had no

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useful outlet for their energies and were driven into futile sexual sophistications, weird self-analysis, mystical aberrations. But life has changed and the hero has changed. There has been a complete dethronement of the pre-revolutionary protagonist. The contemporary Russian hero is certainly no introvert. "To hell with degenerate reflection!" exclaims Kostya, the fictitious author of the "Diary." "I must work, and keep control over myself and the life around me; I must be constructive not contemplative." It matters little to Kostya that he is repeatedly disillusioned, that Soviet reality is not nearly so beatific as he had imagined, that he is forced to sleep in the park and to wheedle an occasional meal from his bourgeois classmate, that there is a great deal of ugliness and coarseness and maladjustment in the Russian student's life—this, he feels, is a temporary condition; things, though bad, are improving all the while, there is no reason to despair. Frustration? Futility? Doubt? . . . Nonsense! "But there is an outlet for my energy," he exults: "Science. Socialism. Struggle." He must work, and build, and organize, and conquer. Indeed, he is, in the words of the *intelligent* Shahov, "a round and oily ball, and will pass, like a croquet-ball, through all the gates"; he has no tragic edges, no acute angularities.

Of course, the old has not yet been completely eradicated. In addition to the distressingly cynical and individualistic student Korsuntsev, his gormandizing and bibulous uncle, the lascivious and empty-headed Zizi, the diaphanously attired "fox-trot" lassies, the secret circle of vapid mystics, the distracted princess, the pious shoemaker, and others, there is the "triangular" intellectual Shahov who is unable to get rid of the past or to become part of the present or to see anything but "nonsense" in the future, and who escapes the terrific strain of irremediable inner contradictions by ending his own life; there is also the idealistic old teacher N. Ozhegov (incidentally, this name is strangely similar in sound and derivation to the author's name) who finds himself in a "Hamlet dilemma . . . crucified on the crossroads . . . while life goes rushing past him, bringing new creative forces to the surface . . . ."

Poor Ozhegov is a typical member of the revolutionary intelligentsia and, despite his popularity with his Communist pupils, is so utterly wretched in this raucous proletarian world that his mind almost gives way under the pressure. Significantly enough, Ozhegov is finally saved from insanity and suicide by contact with the village, the peasant. In his letter to Kostya with which the book is concluded, Ozhegov writes lyrically:

> We keep forgetting that there is this vast, immense Russia, the rural Russia on whose crest we are living. . . . When I see the blue outline of a wood against the snowy horizon, and somewhere in the distance the lights of a factory, and when the little horse pulls the sledge through the deep snow, with the driver and myself, and mail-bags full of complaints and applications and facts and orders and information and money, I suddenly have a dim vision of my home country, and I sometimes whisper to myself:
>
> Onward, dear Russia, onward!

Thus, contrary to all dictates of artistic unity, is the diary of a *Communist* student concluded with what sounds like a veritable *nationalist* rhapsody. There is a subtle discrepancy here, a scarcely perceptible shift of emphasis from the proletariat to the peasant, from urban to rural ideals. And it makes one wonder, since Ozhegov apparently speaks for Ognyov, whether the prominence given to his patriotic effusions reflects the Communist author's conscious or unconscious personal attitude or whether this subtle substitution of Russia for the proletariat is symptomatic of a widespread tendency in Soviet life and in the Russian Communist Party.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

More from the Front

War. By Ludwig Renn. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THE blurbs on the jacket and band around this book say it is very fine. I agree. It is the simple, sincere and candid narrative of the experience at the front of a German N. C. O. of infantry. It is offered by the publishers as non-fiction. It reads like fiction. Why not? Fine fiction seems real; actual experience, when handled with literary skill, tends toward fiction.

One would not expect, in such a book, a note on the art of writing. Yet on pp. 140-141, when the book carries the reader behind the lines for a brief period of rest, the author allows himself the following comment:

> About writers it struck me how arbitrary was the order in which they set down their words, in spite of the fact that there is an obvious inevitability about the arrangement of words, which must be set down in the exact order in which the reader is to feel them. For instance, not "a green, over-several-knolls-rising meadow"; for one has to know first that it is a meadow, and so the word "meadow" should come at the beginning of the sentence.

That is how the book is written. The author has taken care of his words. He understands, too, the value of the appeal to the senses of sight and hearing (in so far as literature can appeal, by association, to the eye and the ear). To wit:

> . . . I covered the nearest man. Shots rang out.
> I pulled my trigger.
> He fell.
> I loaded again.
> Hartmann shot.
> Some of our men came racing up behind us.

And again:

> The shells crashed, and burst, the ground shook.
> Whizz! Something flew close over my head and behind me into the valley.
> Bang! rat-a-tat! Bang!
> I crouched lower.
> My ears sang.
> Something or other hit my helmet.
> I drew the blanket quite over me.
> Bang! Whack! Crash! Bamm-bamm-bang! Rat-a-tat! B-rrr!
> . . . And if one of them hit you—you would never notice it, no pain even—simply be finished with it. What was so terrible about that, after all?

Isn't there order in those passages? Don't those words appeal to the eye and the ear? Everywhere in the book are scenes which are like visual and audible images of war.

"War" lacks the philosophic perspective of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is perhaps not so great a book, although no one can yet judge with any certainty of that quality between the two. Renn's story strikes me, however, as more authentic than Remarque's. Renn's descriptions of actual combat, and of the front, are truer, more real and accurate. As I read "War" I did not have a feeling, as I did with "All Quiet on the Western Front," that it was occasionally unreal. As a transcript of war Renn's book has the greater value. It is, too, the braver of the two volumes.

The translation by Willa and Edwin Muir is excellent, far better than that of "All Quiet on the Western Front." In fairness to the latter, however, it must be said that it was by far the more difficult to translate. The reviewer has read both books in the original and in English.

JAMES B. WHARTON

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Tales of Success

John D., A Portrait in Oils. By John K. Winkler. Vanguard Press. $2.25.

An American Business Adventure: the Story of Henry A. Dix. By Mark H. Dix. Harper and Brothers. $3.

An Inside Story of Success: Life of William Burnette. By Neil McCullough Clark. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Life of George Chaffey. By J. A. Alexander. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

NO capitalist in history has stirred up more universal hatred against himself than John D. Rockefeller, and in no case has the white heat of people's passions cooled down to such a degree of frigidity with the passing years. "John D." is taken for granted, and the abundance of his ill-gotten gain now enriches our institutions of higher learning and medical research and foundations "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." His dimes go to the thousands of his humbler fellow-countrymen whom he encounters on his occasional trips from one palatial estate to another.

Mr. Winkler's contribution does not consist in the originality of his material but in his way of bringing to life an almost forgotten figure of the pioneer days of American industrialism. We see young John borrowing money from his rascal father at an exorbitant rate of interest to launch a commission business in Cleveland. With the first discovery of oil in Pennsylvania, his keen nose for money scents profits. One after another, he gathers about him with unerring judgment the men best fitted to play his game. On Sunday he teaches Sunday-school classes, carrying out his God-given Baptist mission with the same zeal he shows in what he regards as his divine call to become a millionaire.

Secretly he undermines all competitors. Before the world or his adversaries are allowed to know it, he has put over a deal with the railroads which makes competition practically impossible. At length the truth is found out and his opponents and an infuriated public opinion unite against him. But he is already a multi-millionaire possessed of power greater than the strength of court edicts and editorials. The great Standard Oil Company is dissolved into its component parts, in each of which John D. holds a controlling interest, and the colossal plunder goes on as before.

When John D.'s health is well-nigh ruined by the nerve-racking struggle, direction of his empire is entrusted to his son. This upright Christian business man comes to be regarded as a liberal capitalist. He even promises the leaders of a strike in the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel and Iron Company that he will investigate their ills. Down into the mines he goes, in overalls, eats with the workers, discusses their problems—and presents them with a "Republic of Labor" to quiet their troubled spirits. This device staves off the onslaughts of trade unionism and the Rockefeller profits continue pouring into the family coffers. Ivy Lee becomes the master magician to handle public opinion. Foundations for giving away money are organized. At last everybody is satisfied! And the Rockefeller dynasty is worth today well over a billion dollars.

The picture is completed with a few strokes of Mr. Winkler's brush, showing John D., III, in his Princeton dormitory; Nelson a sophomore at Dartmouth, and John D., Sr., at home on his $3,000,000 estate at Pocantico Hills. The old man's tradition will carry on in his amazing progeny, in whom are combined the Rockefeller traits of lust for money, shrewd judgment of men, and the utmost piety and Christian virtue.

The "American Business Adventure" described by Mark H. Dix stands in sharp contrast to this tale. Here was a man who refused to allow his business to expand beyond the limits of human control, a man who really had the interests of his workers at heart and who finally turned his clothing factory over to a directorate of men who had risen from the ranks of workers. Henry A. Dix deplored certain methods of some labor leaders but in general approved of trade unionism, although his plant was never organized.

The "Life of William Burnette" is another *American Magazine* success story, told with delightful naivete. Readers of *The Nation* will not be likely to rush to it eager to get the inside dope on how to achieve success by selling aluminum.

"The Life of George Chaffey" can be helpful only to persons interested in irrigation.

ROLAND A. GIBSON

Deux Ex Machina

Make Everybody Rich: Industry's New Goal. By B. A. Javits and Charles W. Wood. B. C. Forbes Publishing Company. $3.00.

ONE of the most interesting contemporary commentators on our machine civilization is Mr. Charles W. Wood, author of "The Myth of the Individual." In that book he pointed out that man is a social animal; that his individual significance is derived from his participation in the thought and activity of the group; that in the economic field he as an individual can only profit, ultimately, by serving the group; that business is wrong in supposing that we can all make a living by taking in each other's washing; that industry, the machine, which follows the severe logic of the physical sciences, is far more intelligent than man because it obeys the logic of the universe; that this logic entails progressively more efficient production, the elimination of waste in distribution, and the increase in demand through the increase of wages. Mr. Wood's latest extension of this thesis appears in a book written in collaboration with B. A. Javits. In this book he develops his theory into an energetic and well-argued plea for the repeal of the anti-trust laws, which hamper the logical march of industry toward a millennium in which everybody will be rich—and in which, presumably, the machine, freed from legislative and other human impertinences, will automatically tell us what to be and do. One's basic criticism of Mr. Wood is implied in the last clause. It would seem that he wholly ignores the metaphysical problem, which includes the problems of leadership, of government, and of human choice and self-determination. Furthermore, do his facts add up to the dizzy hope which he offers us? Industry, the machine, has been freed to a considerable degree. The Sherman and Clayton laws are only minor impediments in the speech of the machine, which tells us in the clear and definite language of statistics that the rich in this country are becoming very much richer, and no happier; that the poor are becoming a very little richer during the intermittent periods when the machine permits them to serve it—and no happier. Granted that Mr. Wood does not blink this problem of machine-made unemployment; he even guesses that it is connected with the crime wave, and is probably right. But for a solution he is obliged to turn not to the machine but to familiar liberal concepts of human good will and intelligence. Is Mr. Wood's doctrine anything but a new version of laissez-faire—a new rationalization of the machine, which is so much easier to rationalize than to govern. I wish I thought so. Yet Mr. Wood has contributed importantly to our understanding of the machine. Perhaps, indeed, the machine *is* God. But that doesn't relieve us of the job of reconciling the ways of God to man.

JAMES RORTY

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Epic of the Banana

The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics. By Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THIS is the saga of the United Fruit Company, "one of the great civilizing forces of the century." Mr. Crowther, coauthor with Henry Ford of "My Life and Work" and "Today and Tomorrow," with A. B. Farquhar of "The First Million the Hardest," and with Harvey S. Firestone of "Men and Rubber," pays his smiling respects to the old conquistadores, gives a chapter to the great duel between William Walker and Commodore Vanderbilt, and summarizes the histories of the Central American republics and of Colombia; but he hits his stride only when he reaches Minor Keith, Victor Cutten, and the United Fruit. The formation of the United Fruit Company he ranks as more important than the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine. He is quite right.

His conclusion is curiously like that of a very different book —Dr. Wilhelm Bitter's "Die Eroberung Mittelamerikas durch den Bananentrust." The two histories agree that without political and military intervention the great banana company has molded the life of whole nations and is reshaping their destinies as part of an economic unit centering in North America. But what a difference in approach! Dr. Bitter is a cynical German; Mr. Crowther a warm-hearted hundred per cent American. The fact that of the first 2,200 Americans whom Minor Keith imported to help him build a railroad in Costa Rica, 2,175 died of fever, would, had he known it, have disturbed Dr. Bitter; to Mr. Crowther it merely provides a setting for the heroic fact that in twenty-seven years in the tropics Minor Keith never needed a doctor. It would not be fair to stop with that, though it is indicative of Mr. Crowther's habit of mind; the saga of the United Fruit is the story of one of the great movements of history. The United Fruit and Minor Keith's other enterprises have turned malarial jungles into rich plantations, created an economic structure which may well become the basis of stable government in the Caribbean, and largely solved the sanitary problems of the region. The banana is as important a factor in Caribbean history as oil, and despite the occasional tone of a house organ, Mr. Crowther has assembled and correlated a mass of important material and made it readable.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Chinese Portraits

Fièvre jaune. By Simone Téry. Paris: Flammarion. 12 francs.

"YELLOW FEVER" Simone Téry calls her book on China, which makes one wonder whether she would not like, retrospectively, to call her excellent book on Ireland "Green Sickness," for surely the Irish "trouble times" were the mere maidenly chlorotic ailments of a young nation compared with the violent scourge now raging in China.

Mademoiselle Téry begins her book with a backward glance at Ireland, and a sort of sight that all revolutions cannot be so devoted, comprehensible, and successful. But she faces the facts, and indeed nobody ever went more courageously in search of them. She spent a year in China, and of course she is well aware that the "facts" in that country are not politely yielded up to strangers with a year, or with many years. But she reports vividly what she saw and the result is a book which renders China less unfamiliar—no small thing that!

The way she does it is to go intrepidly in search of the personalities labeled Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei and Kiang and Yang and Pei Chon-chi, and many others of the deciders of Chinese destinies. These she makes human. There is no nonsense about her. She wants to see a certain leader; she is told it is impossible, dangerous; she finds him, nevertheless, unearths an interpreter, and talks to him (or her, for there are "hers" too in the Chinese troubles); and once Mlle Téry has her eye fixed on the interviewee, she carries away a sense of that person which she conveys in strokes as simple, strong, and skilful as a Chinese brush-drawing.

Besides these there are landscapes in her book, endless plains dotted with cemeteries, cities in ruins and cities with an incredible multiplicity of human beings. There is the strange, sad little scene of her visit to the fifteenth concubine of a general who, for once, bears a familiar name—X. There are horrors of famine and flaying torture, and large anonymous mass executions. "If the Chinese weren't so afraid of dying," a Chinese woman said to her, "perhaps they wouldn't be killed so much." After seeing General Chiang Kai-shek, and noting his lack-luster patriotism, she exclaims: "I have heard other accents elsewhere. Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, Erskine Childers, how differently your voices pleaded your cause!" But, as she admits, to be a Chinese patriot is a bit like asking a European to be a European patriot, to die for Europe.

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Psychology and Education

Difficulties in Child Development. By Mary Chadwick. The John Day Company. $4.

Psycho-Analysis and Education. By Barbara Low. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.

WHEN a fellow sets out to own and run a car, he has a number of safeguards against the emergencies of such an adventure. He has a guaranty as to how the car is going to pan out and three or four kinds of insurance against his own mishandling of the machine. He has in addition to this a little book that comes in the right-hand pocket to tell him what to do in case all kinds of unexpected crises occur. When a fellow sets out to be a parent and bring up a child, however, he is not nearly so well protected. He has no guaranty whatever as to how this strictly non-returnable offspring will turn out, and no insurance of any kind against his own blunders in management. His only hope perhaps lies in a little book to tell him what mistakes he is likely to make and how to mend them. Just such a little book is "Difficulties in Child Development" by Mary Chadwick. This is a practical handbook and if it discourages the reader by suggesting a great many things that may go wrong with children, it has also a good supply of antidotes to keep them from proving fatal. The author is by no means an alarmist but one who sees childhood realistically rather than sentimentally or theoretically. Her point of view about education is modern and—as follows almost axiomatically—her attitude toward parents critical. As between parent and child or teacher and child her sympathies are uniformly on the side of the child.

The chapter on Types of Those in Charge of Children is an interesting one. It describes the characteristics of adults that make for certain methods of mishandling of children. Among the undesirable parents which the chapter includes are the jealous, the over-conscientious, the sadistic, and the sentimental. We all know them among our friends.

Another chapter which makes a contribution to the subject in hand is the one on children's games and phantasies. In this is pointed out quite ingeniously and convincingly the relation between the games of children and the more or less universal

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phantasies of which they are symbolic. The patterns of adult day dreams would seem to be woven on the same warp. It is evident that the author's acquaintance with psycho-analytic theory is not new. She has digested her Freud well and tested and retested, by application to everyday children, the ideas which often come to us raw and unrelated to real life situations.

Barbara Low's book on "Psycho-Analysis and Education," unlike that of Miss Chadwick, is a purely theoretical work. It shows the author's grasp of her subject, and makes a moderate though thoroughly conventional exposition of the Freudian psychology. It has the odor of a doctor's thesis and, remembering her former volume of a similar nature, one wonders what compulsion has driven her to write her dissertation a second time.

Her subject is clearly and logically developed but seems to be all bones and no meat. The volume bears the stamp of a typical disciple of Freud who, in order to be true to the master, dares not introduce an original idea nor propound even the most orthodox complex without quoting chapter and verse: "couched in Freud's lucid and terse style" is as automatic as "your majesty" or "your honor" in their required places.

ELISABETH IRWIN

Japanese Ideals

Nippon Shindo Ron or *The National Ideals of the Japanese People.* By Yutaka Hibino. Translated with an Introduction by A. P. McKenzie. Cambridge University Press. $3.

"NIPPON SHINDO RON" goes far to explain the type of mind the middle-school student of Japan exhibits on graduation. Through this book and others of a similar nature he has been taught that his race is a favored one; that the gods, of whom his Emperor is a direct descendant, have blessed the country and its people; that his country boasts the most fertile soil; that the generals, writers, artists, and statesmen of his country are the most able; and that his schools, institutions, and society are ideal. Isolated statements from chapters of this book will serve as examples:

On Aspirations of the Subject. Subjects have no thought but to obey the will of the Emperor and serve the interests of the state with their might, seeking only to fulfill their high obligations.

In time of danger we are ready to die at the Emperor's command. There is no greater honor for a subject than to offer his life for his country's cause.

On Loyalty. Should worm-like foreign reptiles dare insult the dignity of the Emperor or pollute his virtuous name the spirit of heaven and earth cannot refrain from meting out punishment, nor can his subjects withhold their indignant ire.

On Connubial Accord. As there is but one supreme authority there cannot be two Emperors in the land. It is equally self-evident that there cannot be two heads to a family.

If husband and wife cannot live peacefully together the family is destroyed and the nation injured.

That the husband should command and the wife submit, thus establishing the wholesome home and forming the healthy constituents of the nation, is the true teaching. . . .

On Mastery of a Profession. It is absolutely essential to consider the bearing of this selection upon the general question of the prosperity of the nation.

On Development of Intellect. By a careful cultivation of our intellectual faculties we shall be deemed worthy to unfurl the Banner of the Rising Sun freely and confidently among nations of the world.

The Japanese Department of Education has authorized the use of "Nippon Shindo Ron" as a textbook for all middle schools. The author, Mr. Yutaka Hibino, founder of the Ikuye Commercial College, Nagoya, formerly principal of the First Government Middle School, Aichi Prefecture, and member of Parliament, states in his preface to the third edition: "For twenty years I have endeavored to plant these conceptions firmly in the hearts and minds of the scholars intrusted to my care." It is significant that all recent editions of "Nippon Shindo Ron" include laudatory marginal notes made by General Maresuke Nogi, hero of the Russo-Japanese war.

WILLIAM L. NUNN

The Vanished Gaucho

Don Segundo Sombra. Por Ricardo Güiraldes. Buenos Aires: Libraria El Ateneo.

NOT since the epoch-making innovations of Rubén Darío's "Azul" and "Prosas Profanas," more than thirty years ago, has a more interesting work, from the technical standpoint, been produced in Spanish America than Ricardo Güiraldes's novel, "Don Segundo Sombra." It meets every requirement of the new "dehumanized" art; the action is slight, diffuse, devoid of climax, creating at times the sensation of a motion picture *al rallenti.* The subconscious psychological impressions and motives are sought after and insisted upon. The language is difficult, deliberately, and the syntax elliptical and arbitrary. The plot is so frankly romantic that it becomes the satire of a plot, the old cliche of the long-lost son and missing heir reduced ad absurdum, to show how unnecessary a plot is—a modern contention. And yet, remarkable though it might seem in a book of this type, it is not interesting alone as an example of the newest literary art; it possesses a vital and eternal significance for the Argentine nation. In what may often seem aimless pages Güiraldes has fixed for all time the enduring charactristics of the gaucho. The nameless hero of the book—Don Segundo Sombra is his mentor—exists by virtue of his one ambition: to become the embodiment of those qualities considered essential in a good gaucho, and the story is the account of this *werden.*

The gaucho has disappeared from the reality of the Argentine, engulfed in the flood of immigration and the economic development of the past sixty years. But he lives as a legend, an ideal, haloed by all his virtues and with most of his vices transmuted, cherished by every son of the Argentine. His songs, his dances, the history he has made, the very defects of his language have permeated the fiber of his country's civilization, and he has been and is being immortalized in every phase of its culture.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

Books in Brief

Danger Zones of Europe: A Study of National Minorities. By John S. Stephens. London: Hogarth Press. $2.

This is a small, but highly important book. It is a study, as scholarly as it is frank and fearless, of the plight of the national minorities of Europe as an instance of international injustice and an occasion of future war. Against the background of "nationality in the nineteenth century" and the part it played in the Great War, Professor Stephens presents the disabilities and oppressions suffered by minorities at the hands of conquerors to whose rule they were committed by peace treaties whose every safeguard of mercy and of right is now being so wantonly violated. If one would know the difference between the Fascist and the Bolshevik dictatorships, let him read the story here set down of the South Tyrol. While the people of this unhappy region are enduring at the hands of

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Mussolini iniquities unknown since the Middle Ages, in Russia "the claims of nationality are satisfied as in few other countries." There are solutions of the problem, clearly outlined by the author, but their acceptance by such nations as Italy, Poland, Rumania is altogether unlikely. Meanwhile the League of Nations, legally and morally responsible for what is going on, does nothing at the behest of the guilty Powers which control its Council. Professor Stephens is a trained historian, close bound to first-hand data. Just for this reason his survey of these "danger zones" is of great and terrible significance.

Life and Labor in the Old South. By Ulrich B. Phillips. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

This volume of social and economic history of the American South before the Civil War is based on years of research in original source material. Its scholarly character is notable; it is, besides, absorbing reading. Perhaps only one serious omission has been made by Professor Phillips. While the South was almost universally agricultural, the trend toward industry did make itself felt significantly, if slightly, before the War. A discussion of such phenomena as the enterprises of William Gregg, whose life was recently written by Broadus Mitchell, would have made this good book better still. The volume, incidentally, was awarded the Little, Brown and Company prize of $2,500.

The Era of the French Revolution. By Louis R. Gottschalk. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Professor Gottschalk is a leader among American historians devoting themselves to the study of France. His compact and soberly written handbook of almost 500 pages, with its excellent bibliography and other apparatus, is as useful a volume on its subject as America has produced.

Adam, the Baby and the Man from Mars. By Irwin Edman. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Mr. Edman's book, one is happy to say, is not so bad as it at first appears to be. The rather silly name, the two or three extremely commonplace essays that are placed first, and the use of several such titles as Religion for the Faithless, Reason for the Rapturous, and Sentiment for the Cynical, cannot help but prejudice the reader. Edman has, however, something to say. In guiding himself by the ideal he holds out for others—"the tough mind and the gentle heart"—he has laid perhaps a trifle too much emphasis on the latter quality, but he has not altogether forgotten the former. His goal is the preservation of the virtues of the past without any sacrifice of the virtues of the present, and in carrying on this mediatorial function he proceeds with marked discrimination and with an honesty that is rare in reconcilers. He is not trying to lure us into the surrender of what the modern spirit has gained, but he does warn us against giving up more than is necessary. On many points he is in agreement with Walter Lippmann; on others his urbane and sympathetic treatment of problems of belief and conduct supplements the more rigorously systematic approach of the "Preface to Morals."

Little Caesar. By W. R. Burnett. The Dial Press. $2.

"Little Caesar" tells rapidly and well, in a brisk, unemotional, reportorial style, the story of the rise and fall of Rico, Chicago racketeer. In essence it is an effective synthesis of the recent flood of gunman literature, adding little (because there is little enough to add) to the by this time conventional hard-boiled interpretation with which plays such as "The Racket" and "Broadway" have familiarized us. Aside from its casual realism and the fact that its characters possess no moral virtues, "Little Caesar" is not radically different from any good action-and-adventure story. The locale has shifted from the Wild West to the Chicago underworld, and the hero, instead of winning the girl, receives a bullet through the heart; but the main narrative lines are similar. The book makes excellent light reading, is cordially recommended as such; and has elicted the warmest and most serious tributes from the more literary critics.

Poor Women! By Nora Hoult. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

These tales, which recount the emotional or practical defeat of five women, are excellently written, with sympathy and clarity; but many readers will feel, I think, that they but feebly illustrate the author's thesis. "Poor Women!" though it stresses no note of propaganda is, in a sort, a feminist document. Miss Hoult would wish to show that her heroines' failures are due to their tragic dependence on men and on their anomalous positions in a man-made world. Actually her poor women are not so much enslaved by man-made conventions as by the weakness of their own intelligences. They are indecisive, priggish, cowardly, stupid; and their male counterparts, hampered by the same intellectual handicaps, would probably encounter analogous defeats. The perception of the fact does not lessen the reader's admiration for Miss Hoult's talent, which is real; it merely changes the object of his sympathy from "poor women" to "poor creatures"—which would have been a better title for the book.

The Lady is Cold. By E. B. White. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Mr. White—known to the readers of the Conning Tower and the *New Yorker* as E. B. W.—in addition to being a skilful versifier with a rare sensitiveness for words, shows in this book flashes of poetic distinction. He possesses much of the bite and sting of Dorothy Parker with none of her sardonic bitterness, and his lighter verses have all of the fantastic whimsicality and none of the mawkishness of A. A. Milne. He is a poet who will bear watching.

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International Relations Section

Color in the Caribbean

By ARNOLD ROLLER

FORMS of human society belonging to different epochs, and races whose original habitats were separated from each other by many thousands of miles are set side by side as in an ethnological museum, in the islands and territories of the Caribbean.

Around the great American lake bordered by the Antilles, Central America, Colombia, and Venezuela, skins of nearly every color can be found: "pure" whites of exclusive Spanish ancestry with a slight infusion of Jewish blood from the *Maranos* who fled to Spain's colonies from the Inquisition in the mother country; full-blooded Haitian Negroes, reddish Indians, swarthy Hindus, light and dark Chinese, ashgray, yellow, golden, brown, and bronze mulattoes, *mestizos* and *zambos* in all their subtle shades. And in general each color and shade represents a different social class—the lighter the higher—in each of these countries, which otherwise differ remarkably in their social structure.

The population of Cuba is 70 per cent white and near-white, the remaining 30 per cent consisting mainly of Negroes and dark mulattoes, with a sprinkling of Chinese peddlers and merchants in the cities and, in the country, almost black Chinese mulatto peasants (half-breeds of Chinese and Negroes, called *chinos del pais*). Sociologically, Cuba is a combination of modern capitalism and agricultural feudalism. Enormous sugar plantations with modern American-owned sugar mills run by Negro peon labor, in the interior, contrast strangely with the ultra-modern wharves, warehouses, hotels, department stores, and factories, a large middle class, and a vigorous labor movement to be found in the capital and large cities.

A short airplane trip brings one to Haiti, where a social and economic structure which disappeared long ago in less isolated countries still survives. Here a pre-bourgeois society is engaged chiefly in agriculture by primitive methods. The upper strata, less than a tenth of the population, are mulattoes of varying degree; the remaining nine-tenths are illiterate, full-blooded Negroes who carry on their agriculture within a system of semi-patriarchal family communism of African derivation, to which they returned after the expulsion of their French masters.

These "families" often include three or more generations and their kin, numbering sometimes as many as two hundred members in all. When a young man finds a wife and builds a house he is allotted a plot by the head of the "family" for cultivation. These parcels cannot be sold and revert to the family in case of death, emigration or neglect. The per capita ownership is less than one acre. About half of the total area cultivated in this manner is state property, and comparatively few peasants have titles. From the legal point of view most of them are squatters—sometimes for hundreds of years—but nevertheless squatters who can be driven from the land because, according to Haitian law, occupation and possession of state lands does not create ownership.

In view of the efficient system of land titles which it is expected will soon be established under American administration, loss of their land seems imminent to a large proportion of the Haitian peasantry. The state has power to fix a rental of six per cent of the sale value of the land, which is also established by the state. If a high price is offered, the six per cent is prohibitive to the peasant. Since he can offer no legal title of ownership, and since the peasant seldom has any cash, it is very simple to expropriate him whenever his land may be considered useful for large concessions to be granted by the state. The expropriated peasant becomes a laborer, for twenty cents a day, on the newly created plantation, or emigrates to find work elsewhere in the Caribbean.

The upper class of highly educated mulattoes in Haiti consists of landowners, government officials, doctors, and lawyers. This aristocracy speaks the pure French of educated Paris. The peasants who speak "Creole"—an Africanized French patois mixed with Spanish—do not understand the language of their masters. There is no middle class, no industry, no crafts, and the few stores in the capital and the larger towns are almost all owned by Syrians who are ostracized by rich and poor alike. "Syrian" is as much an insult in Haiti as "Dirty Jew" in Poland or Rumania. For this reason the Haitian Syrians call themselves "Christians from Palestine." Peasants and aristocracy have practically nothing in common, and their respective residences contrast picturesquely. Port-au-Prince with its many wooden houses on stilts, looks as if it were in the middle of a jungle or a lake infested with snakes.

Draw an imaginary line through the island and go ten hours by motor or much less by airplane to the Dominican Republic, on the western side of the island. It might be said that the strata of human society missing in Haiti have settled in Santo Domingo. Here the population is largely of the lower middle class, living in small towns of Spanish type, and supported by moderately wealthy peasants and landowners. The capital, with its stone houses and grated windows, its parks, and its old, massive public buildings might be a provincial capital in Spain. Education is much more general and the national language, Spanish, is spoken by peasant and bourgeois with equal correctness. Though the upper levels are usually lighter, all shades of color are represented among city dwellers and peasantry alike. While Haiti is overpopulated, the Dominican Republic, which has twice as much territory, has only one-third as many inhabitants. The peasants have much more land than the Haitians and their larger purchasing ability is the basis of the moderate prosperity of the middle classes. The peasants here wear shoes. They do not carry their bundles and parcels on their heads, as do the Haitians. They are neither black nor white, nor, indeed, are they the color of mulattoes in the United States. They are bronze brown, and represent a new race formed by the amalgamation of Spanish-Indian *mestizos* with Spanish-Negro mulattoes and quadroons. Most Dominicans have Spanish features, brown complexion, and straight or wavy but not kinky hair. They consider themselves white, since they have no outstanding Negro features. For this reason, although they desire immigrants, they want Spanish migrants, and are hostile to black newcomers.

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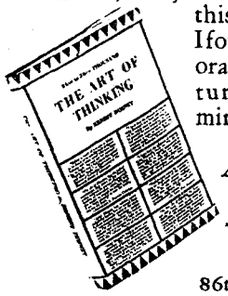

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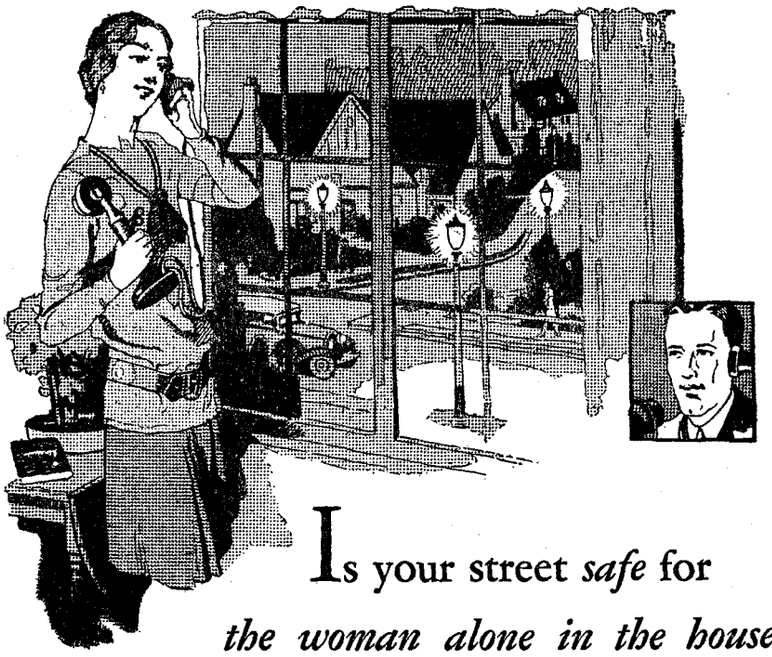

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But foreign capital is arriving in Santo Domingo. With it, inevitably, will come the establishment of large concessions for agricultural plantations on a large scale, followed by imported immigrant labor. This labor will be black, for Negro labor is cheaper and more plentiful. The process of Africanization with its attendant race friction to be observed in Cuba, where the sugar companies import every year tens of thousands of Jamaican or Haitian Negroes, will be duplicated in Santo Domingo.

In the American-owned island of Porto Rico, the population is more than 70 per cent white, 23 per cent mulatto, and about 4 per cent pure black. The whole island is one immense American plantation. While Haitian peasants lead an incredibly miserable life according to our standards, yet they live in their own way and satisfy their modest wants. Porto Ricans earn more but peasant proprietorship, which prevailed in the island before its annexation by the United States, has practically disappeared. The hustling, busy cities boast of modern industries, labor organizations and a large foreign population. The port of San Juan is very lively.

But only 15 per cent of Porto Rico's wealth is in Porto Rican hands. The island is overpopulated, yet almost all the land belongs to American companies. An unbelievable proportion of the population is reported unemployed most of the time. Of the 1,300,000 inhabitants one-fourth or 300,000 go barefoot, and are continuously on the verge of starvation. Many Porto Ricans see their only salvation in migration, and there are probably 100,000 in New York City alone. The Dominican government invites the white Porto Ricans, but the more numerous and prolific blacks and dark mulattoes migrate more often. They go wherever industry and agriculture call for labor.

To the south of Cuba and Haiti lies the British colony of Jamaica with its English-speaking Negroes of a cultural level not much higher than that of the Haitians. Jamaica, also very densely populated, is a great source of labor for the large American sugar and fruit plantations in and around the Caribbean. Jamaicans are imported not only to countries where labor is scarce, but even to overpopulated Haiti with its many thousands of landed peasants and unemployed workers. Many sugar-mill and plantation owners find that it is easier to deal with Jamaicans who speak English, than with Haitians, who know only Creole. Furthermore they can be used against the natives whenever these show signs of dissatisfaction. Last year's bloodily repressed strike in the banana district of Colombia, which is about 65 per cent white, caused the United Fruit Company to replace unruly Colombians with imported blacks from Haiti and Jamaica, and the company applied recently to the Colombian government for permission to import ten thousand Negro laborers.

Fears for the future of Costa Rica, the "whitest" of Central American nations, are expressed in a late issue of the well-known Costa Rica magazine, *Repertorio Americano*. The forthcoming construction of the Nicaragua Canal, part of which will run along the San José river, which is on the frontier between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, will bring thousands of foreign workers and sudden prosperity to Costa Rica. The workers who will be required on the Costa Rican side of the canal, for erection of buildings and fortifications, will most probably be Negroes brought from the Antilles. The lands around and near the canal district will be bought up at good prices. More and more land will be bought by American sugar and fruit companies and finally the country, which at present with its 600,000 inhabitants counts 125,000 landowners, will be changed into a nation of landless proletarians of no definable race or nationality, not even with a language in common. They will be mixed with the thousands of Negroes, Chinese, and mulattoes who will immigrate in the wake of the new and temporary prosperity. A small nation of 600,000 may easily be denationalized and absorbed thus into the one great Caribbean colony.

In Panama, where, before the construction of the canal, only Spanish could be heard, as much English is spoken now as Spanish, and these English-speaking inhabitants who form a large part of the population are Negroes from the West Indies who necessarily are making an imprint on the social and racial structure of this heretofore Latin American republic. Negro laborers in Panama are paid as many Panamanian silver dollars, worth half the gold dollar, as the whites receive in American gold, for the same work.

This shifting of races and language groups in the Caribbean will have far reaching results. The Caribbean republics will tend to be de-nationalized. The Negro strain, inherited from Spanish colonial slave days, of which these countries hoped to free themselves by the absorption of white immigrants, will be strengthened.

Differences will be wiped out and the Caribbean countries may become, in effect, a series of large-scale plantations, the darker inhabitants forming a semi-slave or peon labor class.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE BRITT is a member of the staff of the New York *Telegram*.

MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER writes a daily financial column for the New York *American* and associated newspapers.

T. SWANN HARDING contributes frequently to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the Department of English at New York University.

EVELYN SCOTT is author of "The Wave."

HENRY W. NEVINSON's latest book is "Last Changes, Last Chances."

JOSHUA KUNITZ is author of "Russian Literature and the Jew" and editor of "Azure Cities," a collection of post-revolutionary Russian stories.

JAMES B. WHARTON is author of "Squad."

ROLAND A. GIBSON is a contributor to current periodicals.

JAMES RORTY is author of "Children of the Sun."

LEWIS S. GANNETT is contributing editor of *The Nation*.

SIGNE TOKSVIG is author of "Last Devil."

ELISABETH IRWIN is psychologist in one of the New York public schools.

WILLIAM L. NUNN was formerly instructor in economics at the University of Pittsburgh.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF is an authority on Latin American literature.

ARNOLD ROLLER is a writer on Latin American subjects.

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